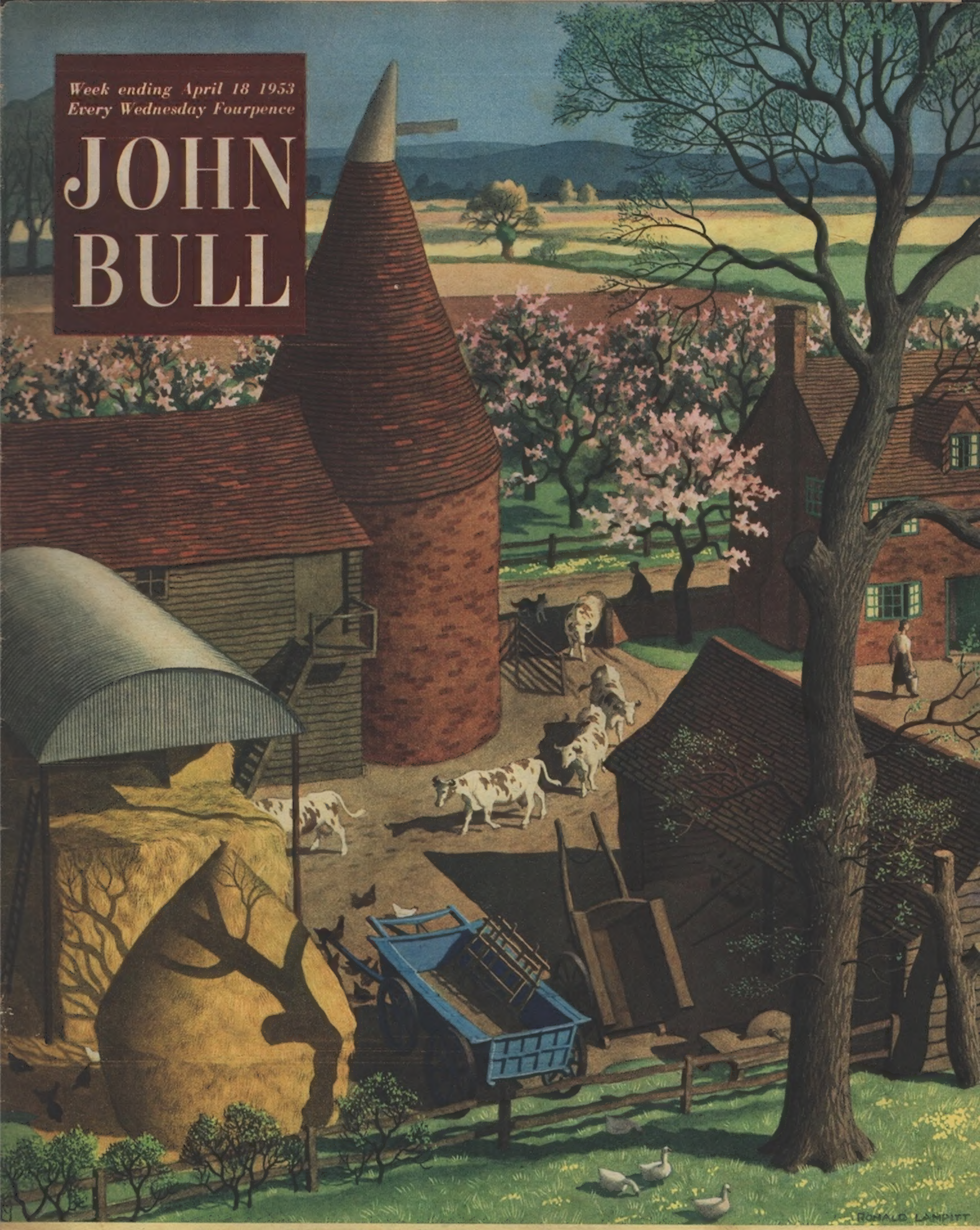
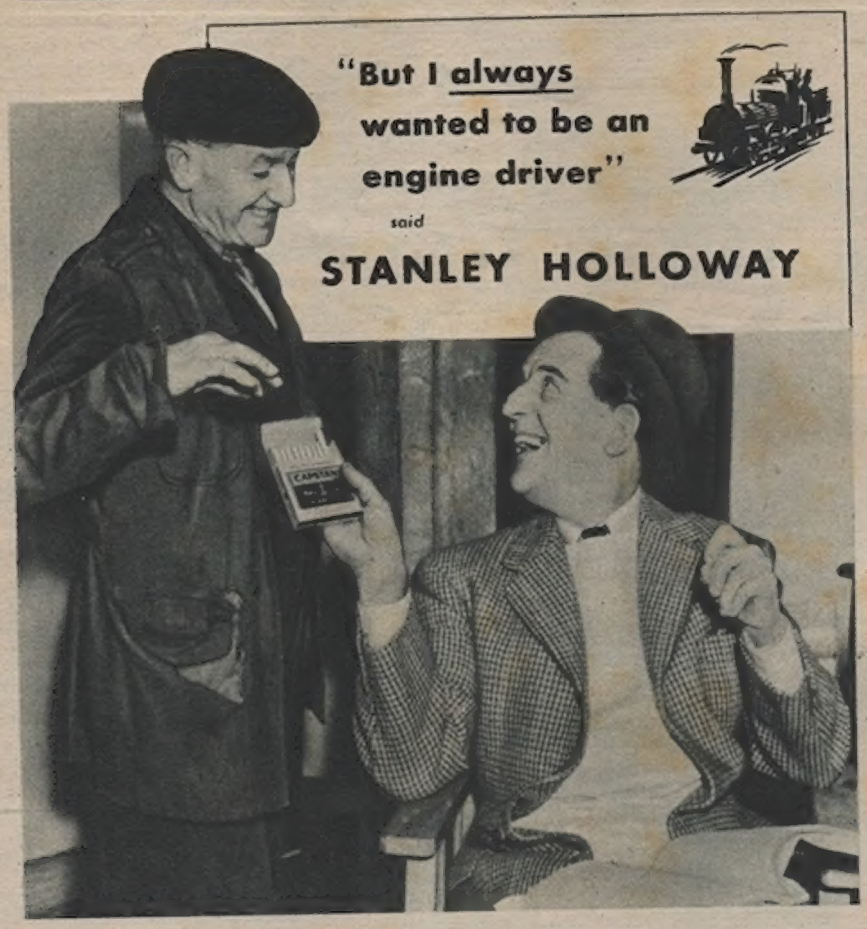
Week ending April 18 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



Starting this week **FORGOTTEN PEOPLE** A vivid travel adventure among Papuans and pygmies



"NEVER mind, Mr. Holloway," said Bob Towns, stage hand, soothingly. "They might let you drive the Titfield Thunderbolt once before we finish shooting."

"But I wanted to drive it all through the film. I'm very upset."

"Well, have a cigarette—maybe that'll cheer you up."

"Of course it will. But I don't want to be cheered up," muttered Mr. Holloway in exaggerated despair.

"Well, you'd better not have a cigarette then," said Bob brightly.

"Now you want to stop me having a cigarette. Everyone's against me. I **will** have one."

Bob fumbled in his top pocket. "Have a Capstan."

"Have one of mine. Here you are. But don't get the idea I'm going to be friendly to that engine driver fellow."

"Oh, he's all right."

"I suppose so . . . I wonder if he'd let me drive it just a little way, if I offered him a Capstan too?"

"I'll take bets on it. Let's ask him."

. . .

'THE TITFIELD THUNDERBOLT'
(a J. Arthur Rank Organisation release)
The hilarious life-story of an ancient railway engine, which was bought by the villagers of Titfield, and run almost under their own steam!

Have a CAPSTAN
– they're made to make friends

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. CC817K

What's her number?
SHE SAYS
'HALEX 260'
for Britain's Best Toothbrush Value

You *could* pay more — much more — for a short-head toothbrush, but you'll never beat the 'Halex 260', the finest toothbrush of its kind that Halex has ever made. Study the reasons! Compare the prices! And then say '*Halex* 260' *for Britain's Best Toothbrush Value.*

SHAPED FOR HEALTH! Short head fits neatly into the curve of your jaw — cleans the parts that bigger brushes miss. A slightly convex trim to reach right into crevices. And remember! the 'Halex 260' is unusually well supplied with nylon strands — 26 well-packed tufts for longer life!

'RONDATED' TO GUARD YOUR GUMS. Only by saying 'Halex' can you have a 'Rondated' toothbrush, with nylon strands rounded at the tips to safeguard gums and teeth. When buying a toothbrush, look closely at the tips — you can *see* why '*Halex* 260' *is Britain's Best Toothbrush Value.*

BUBBLE-PACKED FOR HYGIENE. Like an egg in its shell, the 'Halex 260' is kept safe and hygienic for you in its transparent bubble-pack. From the moment it is made no hand can touch your Halex Toothbrush until you break the shell. Notice the straightforward handles of all Halex Toothbrushes. This is what the vast majority of dentists recommend.

TAKE YOUR PICK FROM THESE HALEX TOOTHBRUSHES!

You'll find Halex 'Rondated' nylon and pure bristle toothbrushes for every purpose and at every price. Children's Toothbrushes? Halex make them superbly and you are only asked 1/-. There are 'Rondated' nylon toothbrushes for grown-ups from 1/3 and 'Rondated' bristles from 2/-. The Halex Denture Brush is the best you can buy — yet only costs 2/9, and the special smokers' brush of unbleached bristle is 3/-.

For those who prefer a softer brush to clean the teeth AND massage the gums, the new dentist-designed Halex Double-Duty at 2/- is recommended.

Say **HALEX**
for Britain's Best Toothbrush Value

HALEX 260 MEDIUM OR HARD
1'6D

Alone or in a crowd, wherever you go, whatever you do, take a Hohner, the harmonica of the stars. Easy to learn with the *free* 5-minute tutor leaflet. From all music dealers.

It's fun to own a
HOHNER

HARMONICAS & ACCORDIONS
The world's best

WORKING TOO HARD! COULDN'T TAKE A HOLIDAY-HM
MY DOCTOR SAYS IT WOULD IMPROVE MY APPETITE AND GENERAL CONDITION
LOTS OF CUSTOMERS COME IN HERE FOR THEIR BURGUNDY ON THEIR DOCTOR'S ADVICE
YOU'LL FIND THIS A SOUND ROBUST WINE SIR. JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

(17)

KEYSTONE
AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

STILL ONLY 11/6
A FLAGON & 5/9
A HALF FLAGON
6d. extra deposit (returnable) on both sizes

Delights the palate, creates appetite, makes every meal a banquet
Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3.

EDITORIAL

Trailing behind

MORE than 100,000 holiday caravans will trundle along Britain's roads this season to join the 100,000 in which about 300,000 people have lived all the winter.

Every caravan needs a place to park at night. That fact has called into being a very sad state of affairs.

According to the Secretary of the National Caravan Council, Mr. H. J. Speed-Andrews, many privately owned sites are a disgrace, and most sites owned by local authorities are not impressive.

SAYS Mr. Speed-Andrews: "We recommend that an acre of land should hold no more than twenty-five vans and devote a large amount of space to recreational purposes. But I know one area near Portsmouth where the council crowds in forty, and another in Lincolnshire where there is only ten feet between vans, against our minimum ideal of twenty feet."

MR. SPEED-ANDREWS
Space—and essentials

Good sites allow each van and car a space of thirty feet by thirty feet, in addition to plenty of communal ground.

They also have concrete pitches, electricity, sanitation with main drainage, pure water supply, hot bath and laundry service, attendance, and telephone. While it is not always possible in remote spots to provide all these, the essentials are water, sanitation, and refuse disposal.

THE County Council of Cornwall, a favourite caravanning area, lists forty-eight sites up to standard, thirty-five below. So nearly half of Cornwall's 2,600 summer caravans and nine hundred all-the-year-rounders are in bad conditions.

The Caravan Club lists 1,400 sites, of which only two hundred come up to fully approved standards. A normal parking fee is fifteen shillings to twenty-five shillings a week in summer and rather less in winter.

So the owner of an acre who lets it to forty caravanners will take about £30 a year from each, or £1,200 a year from land not worth one-sixth of that sum!

There is a tremendous profit margin out of which caravan sites *could* be made as pleasant as housing estates.

BUT the blame for slums on wheels really rests with local councils. They have powers under the Public Health Act, 1936, to insist on decent conditions.

The responsible organizations in the caravan world are trying to clean up the sites. Local councils must co-operate, if only to clear their own smirched reputations.

Then hundreds of thousands of people would have happier holidays.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

AN oast-house stood near Ronald Lampitt's house in Sidcup, Kent, until twenty years ago. Then, to the artist's regret, suburbia replaced it with a cinema. "Oast-houses should be preserved," he says, "if only for artists to draw." In fact, their picturesque design is utilitarian. The cowl gives a strong draught to a fire in the base, which dries the hops on a lattice floor. In ten hours they are golden brown—and ready for the brewer.

more and more people are using

Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE

Why? Because Euthymol is a scientific product—a *complete toothpaste* which does what only a complete toothpaste *can* do. It cleans your teeth, protects your gums, and by destroying harmful bacteria deodorizes your whole mouth.

Ask your Chemist's opinion of Euthymol

for REAL mouth Freshness

Standard size 1/9 DOUBLE size 2/9

Breeze

keeps you country-fresh

That sparkle of spring in your skin . . . that day-long feeling of confident, all-over coolness . . . that's what country-freshness means, that's what cool green Breeze gives you! With its light freshening fragrance, it's a fine soap, a family soap, the soap they all love using . . .

Real chlorophyll—nature's own ingredient that makes the countryside so green—goes into cool green Breeze.

7d or family size 1/-

Breeze keeps you country-fresh from top to toe

CROSFIELDS (CWG) LTD BZ22C-332

The Shirt that starts life anew—

WHEN OTHERS HAVE FINISHED

It's a grand life for shirts with the PLUSMORE Service! A spare collar and cuffs at no extra charge, and a refit service when you want to replace the worn ones. That means a new life just when you would throw a shirt away.

Fine materials by ATLAS, Rigmel shrunk with "Trubenised" collars. Make your next shirt an ATLAS PLUSMORE—collar attached or tunic style with three collars and cuffs.

Don't forget there are PLUSMORES for boys too.

1 spare collar
2 spare cuffs
REFIT SERVICE
Your PLUSMORE Stockist will gladly arrange to send your shirt back to the makers for refitting at a small charge to cover postage and packing.
ATLAS

PLUSMORE Shirts

Ask for ATLAS PLUSMORE in the shops, or write for leaflet and name of nearest Stockist.

Manufactured by:
Robert R. Buck & Sons Ltd., Atlas Works, Carlisle

CARNATION CORN CAPS

My only comfort!

UNEQUALLED AS AN EFFICIENT AND PAINLESS CORN REMOVER

1/1½ PKT. OF 6 · FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

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Curson Gerrard & Co. Ltd.

OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM

HAIR TREATMENT

A Book about Hair Troubles by a Consulting Hair Specialist, fully illustrated with enlightening diagrams and interesting photos, was recently offered to readers of "John Bull." Those who failed to apply for it, but would like a free copy, can obtain it by posting the coupon below immediately to: Arthur J. Pye, 5 Queen Street, Blackpool, J.38.

To Arthur J. Pye, 5 Queen St., Blackpool J.38.
Please send Free Book offered.

NAME.....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS.....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

.....

—John Bull 18/4/53—

FREE SPEECH

Gardening with wider horizons

THE gardens along my road are the usual suburban type—long and narrow, fitted in almost as an afterthought when the houses had been built. For years, my neighbour and I have bewailed the futility of making the best out of such odd-shaped pieces of land. But now we have found the solution.

A month or two ago, the wind blew down the fence between our gardens. We were just preparing to put it up again, when a thought struck us. Now, we share a large, square garden—without the fence. We buy our garden requirements in bulk, and we are investing in a combined motor mower and cultivator to tackle a worthwhile expanse of lawn and vegetable garden. Our neighbours are watching our experiment with interest, and are envying our zest for our miniature park!—A. J. S., Surrey.

Postal Ordering

THERE is an explanation for the lack of sixpenny postal orders in small post offices, experienced by H. G. Green, of Totnes ("Free Speech," March 14). Sub-post offices are limited to a certain amount of cash and stock, and can order from head office only on certain days. A country post office may perhaps not sell a sixpenny postal order for weeks, then suddenly have a run on them.—RETIRED POSTMASTER, Devon.

Leaving The Land

LAST week I visited the village in which I was born. Once it had a population of two hundred. Now there are barely twenty people living there. Can nothing be done to revive country life, which raised our healthiest and happiest citizens?—A. D. MACKIE, Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire.

Night Shift

WHEN we moved to the country, my husband and I heard the beauty of the nightingale's song for the first time. The bird perched in the hedge beneath our bedroom window. But after a week, we preferred sleep to birdsong. My husband hurled two pairs of slippers, a hair brush and a coat hanger at the hedge. The song stopped; when it began again, it came from a wood a quarter of a mile away. Distance lent enchantment.—BIRD LOVER, Arlington, Cambridgeshire.

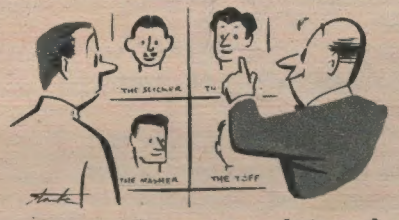
War Museum

JOHN BULL'S articles on wartime exploits are superbly illustrated. Apart from the artists' work, you seem to be able to draw upon an inexhaustible store of actual photographs—many of which I have never seen elsewhere. Is there a national library of war photographs in existence?—D. P. A., Bath, Somerset.

The Imperial War Museum, in Lambeth Road, London, has many exhibits covering both wars. The reference library, with more than 60,000 works in various languages, covers all aspects of the fighting. The photograph library has about three million prints available for inspection. Inquiries by the public—by post, telephone (Reliance 2636), or in person—are always welcome.

Haircut To Order

EACH time I have a haircut, my wife accuses me of looking like a scalped earwig. Yet I can never convey to the hairdresser exactly how much I want left on. Why can't



customers choose from photographs of, say, twelve styles?—E. L. STAFFORD, Friday Street, Leicester.

Paul Glaus, a London hairdresser, has created seven basic styles: Portland (short back and sides, fairly short top); Arcade (short back, not-too-short sides, fairly short top); Argent (short back, long sides brushed back); Regent (short back, long sides brushed back to a V); Manchester (very short back and sides, hair line invisible); Military (short for other ranks, longer for officers); and Gloucester (special cut for tight, frizzy hair).

"Free Speech" Secret

ONLY a few of the letters submitted for "Free Speech" can be published. There must be hundreds which never appear. I know mine don't, although I have been writing them for some years now. What is the secret of "Free Speech" success?—E. J. G., Sussex.

Letters intended for "Free Speech" should have a human story to tell, preferably first hand. Readers are invited to write about their personal experiences—the little anecdotes of everyday life.

Bonus At A Price

WE were discussing the Coronation bonus of one pound of sugar and one quarter pound of margarine, when a dear old lady remarked: "I'll have to watch that the grocer doesn't charge for it." She was amazed when we told her that the extra allocation was a bonus in name only.—B. M., Glasgow.

Disabled Drivers

BECAUSE I am disabled, and drive a car entirely by hand controls, I must each year undertake to pay the first £10 of any insurance claim against me. I understand that all disabled drivers must do the same, without the benefit of the reduced premiums which other motorists enjoy if

Queen Mary and John Bull

Part of a Balmoral group, half a century ago. Queen Mary (right) with the Marquise d'Hautpoule—from one of the photographs captioned for JOHN BULL *by Queen Mary*

WHEN the death of Queen Mary was announced, I recalled the issue of JOHN BULL which contained the captions she had written for Royal photographs taken at Balmoral. Re-reading Queen Mary's words, it occurred to me that her gesture in giving you this information must have been one of her last public acts before her final illness. I shall treasure my copy of this issue as a memory of a grand old lady, who remained a queen to the very end.—RICHARD WILLIAMS, London, S.W.6.

THE photographs captioned by Queen Mary appeared in JOHN BULL on March 7. The original negatives were discovered by Ronald Clark in a photographer's studio at Ballater, near Balmoral. They had been taken about fifty years ago, and no records could be found to identify those who appeared in them.

On February 13, JOHN BULL approached Queen Mary's private secretary, asking for assistance, and sent the photographs to Marlborough House.

Three days later, they were returned. "I had the honour of showing these photographs to Queen Mary," wrote her private secretary, "and Her Majesty was pleased to help you by identifying practically everybody appearing in the various groups. . . ."

The photographs were lettered, and fifty out of the fifty-three people pictured had been identified by Queen Mary, who gave both contemporary and other titles of each member of the Royal Families appearing in them.

Queen Mary graciously accepted JOHN BULL'S gift of a set of the photographs, and copies of the issue containing the photographs and captions—exactly as dictated by Queen Mary—were sent to Marlborough House.

On March 2, Queen Mary had become ill. Yet on March 4 she wrote, through her secretary, thanking JOHN BULL for the copies. "I had the honour of handing a copy to Queen Mary," said the secretary, "and Her Majesty was interested to look at it. Queen Mary was glad to have been able to help you with these photographs, and commanded me to thank you for your kindness in sending copies of JOHN BULL."

A further selection of prints sent to Marlborough House brought Queen Mary's gracious thanks only twelve days before she died. On March 12, her secretary wrote: "Her Majesty was very grateful to you for sending them, so that they can be kept with the previous photographs which appeared in JOHN BULL. Queen Mary was interested to look at the photographs and recognized some of them as showing the tableaux which used to be given at Balmoral in years long gone by."

they accept these terms. Yet a disabled man must pass the same driving test as anyone else. Why do insurance companies regard a disabled driver as more liable to accidents? — O. ROBERTS, Meadow Road, Newbold, Rugby, Warwickshire.

There are no separate figures for accidents to drivers of hand-controlled cars. But Scotland Yard reports "few accidents of this kind."

Tax On Travel

TWO middle-aged women with shopping bags hailed me as I was driving into the city the other day. I gave them a lift, and asked if they had missed the bus. "No," said one, "since the bus fares went up again, my friend and I can't afford a weekly bus trip to do our shopping. We have to depend on lifts from motorists." When fares reach this level, I feel the authorities are really putting a tax on travel.—J. W., Dundee.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

LINDSAY HASSETT

by Ian Johnson, former Australian Test Cricketer

3D Up-to-date

ABOUT eighteen years ago I saw three-dimensional films at my local cinema. We wore spectacles with red and green lenses, and the objects seemed to leap out of the screen. Why all this fuss about the latest "discovery"?—MRS. R. P., Darwen, Lancashire.

. . . Will the special spectacles worn for 3D films harm the eyes?—ARTHUR JAMES, Thurlow Street, Walworth, London, S.E.17.

A crude form of 3D films existed as a novelty before the war. Modern systems use polarized lenses of clear glass instead of red and green. Polarized glass is used in many sunglasses, and cannot harm the eyes.

Women Of The Trees

ALTHOUGH I have read with interest many stories of war heroes—both men and women—I have never seen a reference to a particularly hard-working band of women, of which I was one. The Women's Timber Corps, which is now disbanded, was known only to our relatives and country landladies. My friends look blank when I tell them what I did in the war.—MRS. M. F. DANKS, Brecknock Road, London, N.7.

Women of the Timber Corps at work

The Women's Timber Corps was formed in 1942, and by 1943 it had more than 6,000 hard-working members. Most recruits came from sedentary jobs, but they learned about measuring, sawmilling, haulage and transport. Some even took up tree felling. After valuable war service, the corps was dissolved in 1946.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service, with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

And Sheila's always on time in the mornings — bright and early.

What a happy, healthy family they are! Thanks to Mum . . . thanks to Andrews.

Last-minute Dad is an early bird now

IT USED TO WORRY MUM getting Dad off to work in good time. But he needs no hustling now. He's bright and early in the mornings. He's got something to wake up his *system* — a glass of cool, refreshing, inner-cleansing Andrews.

And Dad's not the only member of the household to find Andrews so helpful. Like Father, like Daughter — in fact they all like this friendly family laxative which Mum brought home to them.

A glass of nice-tasting effervescent Andrews has a four-fold action. It settles your stomach and leaves your mouth clean and fresh. It tones up your liver and soon has your system healthily ticking over.

The benefits of Andrews are worth a lot to you and your family.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

¼ lb. tin 1/9d · ½ lb. tin 2/9d G65/g3.53

MM-MM! MY...!

REG^D TRADE MARK

Meddocream

ICE CREAM

so deliciously DIFFERENT!

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. . it's the NATURAL choice!

Unitized Firefly de Luxe

FOR THE SPORTING RIDER

Unitized BICYCLES

. . . with lugless, all-welded frame and fork.

Royal Enfield

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD., REDDITCH

"Nora and Harry had a proper row!"

"By the time they reached us they were hardly speaking to each other."

"It started when John and I asked them over for the weekend. 'Suppose I shall have to sleep on the floor' grumbled Harry. *He knew* we only had two rooms."

"Harry's moaning about his comfort had made Nora furious. 'You'll have to take pot luck' she told him. Nora's *my* friend, you see. Harry still had the sulks at supper—it was awful."

"At bed-time I gave them such a surprise when I opened up the settee they'd been admiring so much. 'See, clever,' Nora said to Harry, you'll have your old bed after all!"

"'Might have told me' said Harry. But of course, Nora didn't know we should be able to turn our beautiful settee into a double bed in a few seconds!"

"'Well' I said in the morning 'what sort of night did you have?' 'Couldn't have been more comfortable in our own bed' crowed Harry. Well, I thought, what a nerve! He might have apologised for yesterday afternoon."

PUT-U-UP Suite 629 £27·9·9.
Easy Chair £14·19·7 approximate prices according to coverings.

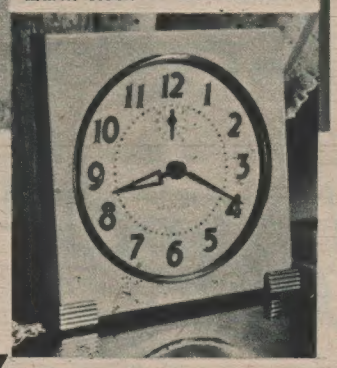
Very wisely, since they were buying for a lifetime's service, John and his wife were careful to look for the Blue Ribbon —the guarantee of a genuine Put-u-up.

WHY NOT POST COUPON TODAY
for details of large range of Put-u-up settee-beds and matching chairs to manufacturers (*wholesale only*)
GREAVES & THOMAS LTD., Dept. JB629, Clapton, E.5.
Name .....
Address .....

Ask to see a genuine **PUT·U·UP** *at your furnishers*
REGD. TRADE MARK
VISIT THE PUT-U-UP SHOWROOMS: 3 PRINCES ST., REGENT ST., W.1, and WOLFENDEN ST., BOLTON

WHAT WAKES *Ronald Shiner?*

"I work a 16-hour day—what with the theatre and filming" says Ronald Shiner, star of "Top of the Form", a J. Arthur Rank Organisation release. "But I still have to be up bright and early and on the set next morning. I can't afford to be late, that's why I've got a completely dependable alarm clock — a Westclox."



Westclox never let you down . . .

There are some very good reasons why a Westclox will never let you down. Each Westclox is hand assembled and individually tested before it leaves the factory. Westclox are so sure of their good workmanship that they offer a year's full guarantee. In over 65 years of clock making, they have already sold more than 200,000,000 timepieces.

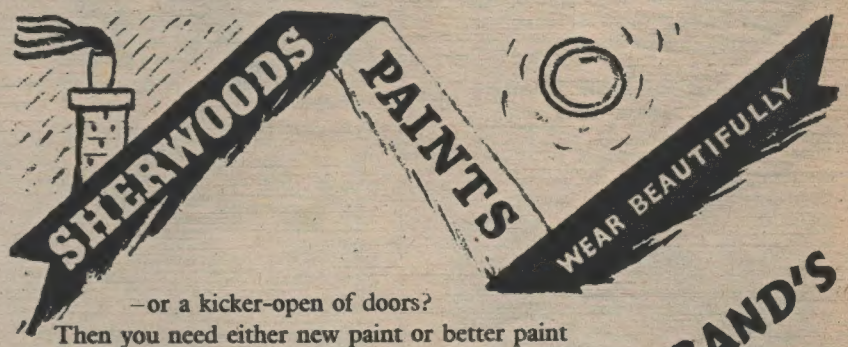
WAKE WITH WESTCLOX ...MILLIONS DO

WESTCLOX LIMITED · STRATHLEVEN · DUMBARTON · SCOTLAND

WESTCLOX 'TIDE'

As much at home in the lounge as on your bedside table. With elegant pierced hands and attractive face. In ivory with gold colour trim 35/- including Purchase Tax. Other delightful models from 22/6.

Also factories in America, Canada, Australia and Brazil



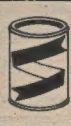
—or a kicker-open of doors?
Then you need either new paint or better paint —which means SHERWOODS HIGH-GLOSS.
It's delightful to use—and dries really hard with a mirror-gloss finish overnight.
32 beautiful colours* all ready for interior and exterior use

YOUR HUSBAND'S A SWEEP?

You can scrub your walls too!

Yes, *scrub* them clean! Use SHERWOODS VELVETTE, the amazing new emulsion wall finish. Even easier to use than distemper—dries matt in an hour

Also: SUNRAY Oil-bound Washable Distemper, STREAMLINE Enamel Lacquer, Varnishes, Stains, Primers, etc.



* SEE COLOUR CARDS at your local Sherwoods stockists, who will gladly answer your queries about Sherwoods various paints... there's one for every purpose

SHERWOODS
PAINTS LIMITED · BARKING · ESSEX

Beginning a vivid story of stone-age life in New Guinea

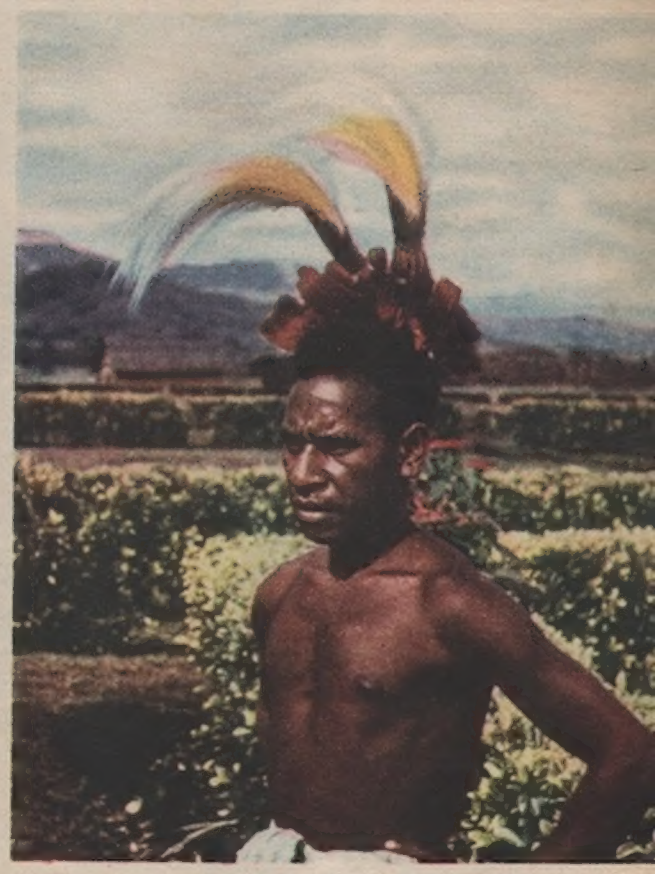
I explore the land of FORGOTTEN PEOPLE

by ALFRED A. VOGEL

AFTER GREENLAND, New Guinea is the largest island in the world, and most of its mountainous interior is still a blank on the map. Its highlands, with eternal snow on the highest peaks, tropical rain forest on the mountain slopes, and all but impenetrable jungle filling the valleys, are still largely unknown to white men. Till now, what idea we have had of its inaccessible beauty we have owed to aerial photographs.

It is inhabited by Papuans and those whom they once drove back up into the highest parts round Mounts Bismarck and Schräder—the pygmies. There they live a life of the Stone Age. The only reminders of any other civilization are the few axes or steel knives which, in the course of barter between the tribes, have made their way up into the mountains now that the white man has discovered the Wahgi Valley, or an occasional necklace of uniform buttons—from the tunics of Allied and Japanese airmen who crashed during the war.

The Wahgi Valley was discovered in 1936, and a few whites now live there. It is a



A Papuan trainee on the farm of Captain Blood, who led Vogel's expedition. His headdress is of bird of paradise feathers

Swedish explorer Alfred Vogel offers a cigarette to a girl from Mangarvicar, on the Ganz River. Her hair is curled in Papuan style with pig grease

Vogel shakes hands with a pygmy of the Jimmi River, watched by Olga and her husband, Captain Ned Blood. These pygmies—between three to four feet tall—had never seen white people before

Though Papuan girls are no longer sold against their will, brides are still bartered for pigs and hens. This father, bargaining his daughter for bride-money, has cut off part of his little finger to show he has lost a near relative

thin edge of civilization's wedge in those parts. There I landed early in November, 1950, after a bumpy flight of two and a half hours in a little aeroplane through mighty mountain passes from the coast. The provisional landing-ground was close to the Hallstrom experimental farm of Nondugl, which was started after the war. The white population in that huge area consisted of a few bachelors in Mount Hagen, a day's march from Nondugl, Captain and Mrs. Ned Blood and their two-year-old daughter, and a Catholic missionary.

Captain Blood's combination of name and title inevitably made me think of the heroes and villains of one's youth, and indeed Ned Blood was anything but ordinary. An Australian officer during the last war, he had spent part of his service flying and the rest leading the partisans who, in the "little war" of the jungle, were so long a thorn in the side of the Japanese. After the war he led several expeditions from the Wahgi Valley into the wilds of the central highlands.

Crashed In The Jungle

Blood's greatest exploit, perhaps, was when, at the start of the Japanese conquest, his plane crashed in flames into the jungle. He had managed to wriggle out at the last moment just before the plane collided with the tree tops, and succeeded in extinguishing his burning clothes by rolling on the ground. Almost naked, and bare footed—his shoes had burned off—living on fruits and small animals, he tramped for five long weeks through difficult jungle where there were myriads of mosquitoes to add to his torment. Eventually, emaciated and shaking with fever, he came to a native village.

Of mixed Irish and Scandinavian origin, Captain Blood possesses the qualities that nowadays are unfortunately all too often lacking in the whites of the tropics: he has a talent for leadership which can arouse the mixture of real devotion, admiration and respect that is necessary for dealing successfully with primitive savages.

The white man is banned from the whole of the great area where I now was, and the select few who have permits to be there received them only after thorough investigation by the authorities. Ned Blood is a worthy representative of them. He has lived in New Guinea for seventeen years, thirteen of them with his wife Olga, who was born on one of the South Sea islands and is now the only white woman in that vast area.

Orchids Of Every Colour

The farm, a few small houses with walls of woven bast mats and grass roofs, lies between a wonderful garden with a little artificial lake and a grove of aged trees covered with orchids of every colour. Apart from Mount Hagen, a day's march away, the farm and the little Catholic mission church is the sole outpost of our civilization in the whole of that unexplored land, which stretches to the west and north-west towards Dutch New Guinea. Lae, the nearest town on the coast, is nearly 170 miles away, and the route to it is along narrow paths across chains of mountains that rise in places to more than ten thousand feet; it takes trained natives two months to cover it.

All round the horizon we could see these mighty mountains forming the sides of a gigantic crater of which the Wahgi Valley was the bottom. They constitute the central highlands.

The valley, which lies more than 5,200 feet above sea level, has undoubtedly been cut off

Author Alfred Vogel is fifty-four, a retired Swedish cavalry officer who has also served in Hungarian and Polish armies. He was invited on the New Guinea expedition by its multi-millionaire financer, Sir Edward Hallstrom. Here Vogel is showing a Papuan how to handle a Swedish steel long-bow

from the outside world for thousands of years. This is proved by certain animals and insects which have not, since time immemorial, crossed the barrier of the mountains. The flat floor of the valley, part of which consists of reddish sand, had in prehistoric times been sea bottom, for the shells of salt-water creatures are often found in the beds of sand. The very appearance, way of life, and customs of the Papuans living in this valley bear the impress of their isolation. The climate, unlike that of the low-lying and partly swampy coastal area, is very pleasant for whites, with the days just nicely hot and the nights so beautifully cool that it is usually necessary to have two blankets on your bed; the natives keep fires burning in their huts throughout the night.

Farming School In The Wilds

Captain Blood's wanderings after his plane had crashed brought him to the valley, and there he recuperated from his privations. Then, after the war, it occurred to him that it would be a good place for plantations. He went to see Edward Hallstrom, the Australian multi-millionaire, and got him interested in the project of an experimental farm to teach the natives sheep breeding and more rational agricultural methods.

Colonel Murray, the Governor, a former professor of agriculture at Queensland University, was impressed by the scheme, and gave Hallstrom permission to acquire from the natives the ground he needed for the farm. Young Papuans under a two years' contract were to learn agriculture and stock-raising, and when they returned to their villages they would spread their knowledge. In 1949 a company, Hallstrom Live Stock Station, was formed with a capital of £A20,000 donated by Sir Edward, as he later became. In the autumn, five hundred Romney Marsh sheep had arrived by air at Nondugl, and the farm, managed by Captain Blood, was now a going concern.

It was surely the strangest agricultural school in the world. In the future it is intended to have an instructor to teach the natives how to prepare and spin wool. One of their aims is to get the tribal warriors to exchange their spears for a shepherd's crook. So far the natives have shown great interest and will come, often from quite remote districts, to see it. Often several families together will make a journey of several days to visit a relative working on the farm and to take a look at all the new things there.

Money is unknown; work or necessities are paid for with shells or salt, the usual means of payment throughout the whole of the interior of New Guinea. The boys, as all workers are called, also receive at the expiration of their contract a piece of lapp-lapp—cotton material. This is greatly prized by the bachelors, as lapp-lapp is accepted in place of pigs as bride-money and has the same value. As a reward and encouragement they are occasionally given a stick of tobacco twist, of which they make big cigarettes, rolling them in old newspaper.

Unknown Bird Of Paradise

Soon after I celebrated my fiftieth birthday and left the Swedish Army, Sir Edward had visited Sweden and invited me to join an expedition into the interior of New Guinea that he was planning. The object of the expedition was to try to find a hitherto unknown bird—a white bird of paradise—descriptions of which had been received from the natives, and also to make contact with the pygmy tribes who were supposed to live north of the Jimmi River.

There was still a week to wait before the expedition was to leave Nondugl, and so I took the opportunity of making daily trips into the country round about to study the natives, or Kanakas, as they are called there. Many of them, both men and women, were not in the least negroid in appearance. Those who belonged to the chief's families—the office of chief is inherited and has remained in the same families since time immemorial—were often fine, well-built types with distinctly semitic features. With their hooked noses and thick beards the chiefs themselves often looked like the pictures of Assyrian kings.

The Women Were Always Shy

The families of the chiefs constitute a ruling class throughout the valley, and appear to have a better intelligence than the rest, the result perhaps of generations of training. All whom I met were without exception friendly, alert and helpful, and though naturally also very inquisitive, were never so to the extent of becoming importunate. Here I can only speak of the men, for the women vanished whenever I encountered them, and even when I met them with their husbands in their homes, they were shy.

In contrast to their fellows outside the valley these Papuans have apparently not practised cannibalism for some considerable time. The primitive plots they cultivate provide them with the sweet potatoes and various kinds of fruit, which are their main foodstuffs. An innovation they enjoy is the tomato, which they have learned to grow at the farm. It is only on ceremonial occasions, in connection with some village or family festivity, that they eat pigs or poultry. Every now and again, they feast on rodents, lizards, and snakes, which provide a welcome change in an otherwise vegetarian diet.

Here, as previously on the coast, the authorities are going to have to deal with the knotty

Continued on page 24

A time for dreaming

by JACK TREVOR STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

Year in, year out, they had dreamed of what they'd do with the money. And now here it was—waiting for them

WHEN GEORGE HARRINGTON planned a house he always gave Uncle Jonathan a bedroom facing west because that was the direction Uncle Jonathan had always wanted to travel and never had.

"Where would you like your bedroom in this new house, Uncle Jonathan?" George asked.

It was an evening in October, the very best month of all for armchair occupations.

Mrs. Lily Harrington looked up from some knitting she was doing for her daughter's expected baby and saw that Uncle Jonathan was deep in a travel book again.

"Your room, Uncle Jonathan," she said. "George wants to know where to put it."

George, a pleasant, bland and balding grocer of fifty-eight, usually had his pencil behind his ear, but now it was hovering over his favourite pastime—house planning on the living-room table.

"H'm?" The old man was not really deaf, but he could not easily come back across the Caribbean to the old rented cottage in Postgate Street. He was a small, thin old uncle with a hooked nose, weak grey eyes and a canopy of ginger-grey eyebrows. But he was healthy enough. Now he put his skinny finger south of Panama before looking up. Goodness, Lily thought, he gets lost on a map—what would have happened if he had taken that trip!

"Bedroom?" Uncle Jonathan said. "Are you planning on moving again?" They had never actually moved at all, but for years there had been a succession of drawn houses.

"I've decided on a solid-looking, two-storey type of residence," George said.

"It must ramble," Lily reminded him, quickly. "I can't bear those cut-and-dried places, George. I want some little rooms and passages and cubby-holes—like we've got here."

"I know," George said. "Somewhere to hide your lover."

This was always good for a laugh and Lily giggled and told him he was a crazy thing. Which he was, of course, for she was fifty-five and comfortably fat and a bit girlish in a nice feminine, insecure way that kept George protective about her.

George explained his new house. Jonathan, he said, couldn't have a west-facing room because the house would face west with a bent-glass bay window for the living-room and a large sun balcony on the first floor. George could see the house so clearly as he spoke that for a moment he was there, he and Lily standing at the gate, gazing at it. It was everything they wanted.

"That's all right," Uncle Jonathan said. He was anxious to get back to Bogota in Colombia, a place he would certainly have called at if he had taken that trip.

He and Lily stood at the gate, gazing up at the house. It was everything that they had wanted

This was the life — Jonathan was sure of it.

THAT trip was the regret of Uncle Jonathan's life. When he was twenty-five his boss had offered to take him round the world as his valet. Jonathan had declined—and had spent all the years since looking up places he might have called at. He saw himself stepping off the gangway at tropical ports, dressed in immaculate white, or sitting at a street café, smoking a fat cigar and winking at the foreign girls in their pretty dresses. Jonathan had had a lot of curly black hair and a wicked eye in those days, and the possibilities were tremendous.

"I could give you the south-east corner," George offered.

"That's fine," the old man said, from south of Panama. "Fine."

Lily sensed that the old man did not altogether

Dressed immaculately, he sat smoking a fat cigar and winking at all the pretty foreign girls

believe in George's houses and for that reason she got him off to bed early that night with his cocoa and hot-water bottle. The time had come at last and the new house was in sight. Next week the endowment would be paid and their savings would comfortably bridge the gap to the purchase price and the extras. But she did not want to worry Uncle Jonathan until it was absolutely necessary. He was her mother's brother and had come to live with them when Freda married and left home. And apart from his travel yearnings he was very happy there.

When the old man had gone upstairs, Lily got out the long, stiff endowment policy with the important red seal and they sat by the fire and studied it.

"It's next week all right," George said. "I'll call and see Printop on my way home tomorrow night."

Mr. Printop was the insurance agent, and he had been calling at the Harringtons for many years.

Lily grew sad. "We shall miss him coming. Remember how he bullied you into taking it out and how we couldn't really afford it? Twenty-five years. . . ."

George put his arm around his wife, for she had gone all insecure again at this reminder of how much of their life was now behind them. There was a rush of tender feeling between them, but no words. Instead, they took another look at the house plans.

"No more rent," George said.

Lily sighed. "Well, that's something."

MR. SOAMES, the architect, was a compact, portable little man with a lot of letters after his name. He was not at all impressed with George's plans, and after starting off by holding them upside down, he pretended to misunderstand the bits that George had rubbed out and done again.

He talked a good deal about the approval of the local authorities, permissible floor area, the importance of matching the environs, and the insulating properties of cavity walls. George and Lily, both a good deal depressed, did not catch up with him until he mentioned sites and pointed to a green and grey survey map all parcelled out in squares and oblongs.

"We mustn't be too far out of town," Lily insisted, "because George won't retire for a long time and, anyway, I'm registered with——"

"Transitory, transitory," Mr. Soames admonished.

Whatever that meant, Lily disagreed. "I want to be close to Postgate Street," she said.

George could see that the little architect was losing patience. "You see," he said, "we've got the kiddies' playground at the back and the buses in front—always something going on."

Mr. Soames didn't see, but he consulted his map. "There's a site in Emersley Close. . . ."

Lily screwed up her face with disgust. "Oh no! They're all new houses!"

Mr. Soames looked from wife to husband and back. "Are you planning to build an old house?" he asked, with offensive sarcasm.

But now George and Lily were holding secret communion with their eyes. Neither of them had reckoned on a raw, red house like those in Emersley Close, with naked, new-born gardens.

"We *will* take Freda's apple trees, won't we?" Lily asked in sudden apprehension.

The Cox's Orange, the Prince Albert and the one that never fruited but blossomed magnificently, had all been planted by George the day Freda was born. It had been a kind of triumphant memorial to success after years of waiting. And the barren, flowering tree had been a perpetual reminder of those barren, flowering, hopeful years.

George shook his head. "You can't uproot old trees," he said. Then, sharing the pain in Lily's face, he turned to the architect as though he had a final answer to everything. "I tell you what," he said.

Mr. Soames tapped his fingers and waited to be told what.

George said: "We'll think about it."

Lily relaxed and smiled. "That's right. We can call another time."

George picked up his rolled-up house plan tenderly, as if it were a rescued child.

Going back towards the bus station, Lily said: "I feel like spending some money, George."

George caught her spirit at once. They bought pretty, useless things like brass wall trays, hand-painted candlesticks, a flight of ceramic geese for the hall wall, a sheepskin rug. They were really presents for the old house to make up for their disloyalty to it.

Then Lily remembered Uncle Jonathan.

"There's only one thing he wants," George said.

Lily was thoughtful for a moment, then her face flushed at the idea. "Why not?" she said.

UNCLE JONATHAN could not at first understand what they were getting at. For one thing, it seemed impossible you could go to Spain and back in fourteen days. And all for twenty-five pounds. He looked at the highly coloured brochure, the enticing day-to-day itinerary, the sheer simplicity of it. Spain, with its wine and bull fights and—well, yes, women—was a place he would certainly have visited if he had taken that trip. He had thought about Spain a lot.

"What about a passport?" he said.

"George will get the forms from the labour exchange," Lily said.

"Won't they need a photograph?"

Lily was puzzled at Uncle Jonathan putting up these trifling obstacles to a holiday in Spain. "We can get a photograph," she assured him. "It might be the last chance you'll get of seeing the world."

To Jonathan, this seemed silly, considering that he had had the world in his lap for years. A world with all the magic preserved and every illusion safe. For at seventy, with the curly black hair almost gone and the wicked look rather on the faded side, the possibilities were no longer very tremendous. Then he decided.

"I tell you what," he said. "I'll think about it."

Lily smiled, understanding him at last. She picked up her knitting and George got out his drawing equipment. Uncle Jonathan opened another section of his atlas.

"I'll think about it," he muttered again.

It was the answer to everything, especially to growing old. THE END

Emlyn Williams brings Dickens back to life

by MARJORIE EARL

With a Victorian dress suit, a red geranium, and a photographic memory, he earns £20,000 a year

A LITTLE MORE THAN two years ago, Emlyn Williams, the Welsh publican's son who has become one of the world's best-known actor-playwrights, baffled and annoyed the producers of a Drury Lane charity show. He blandly announced that his turn on the programme would consist of a reading from some of the works of Charles Dickens.

"A *reading*?" cried the producers. "Does he expect to hold an audience by standing on the stage all by himself reading old books by Dickens?" They quickly cut Williams's twelve minutes to six, and wished they could cut him out entirely.

This did not in the least dismay Emlyn Williams, who has long been used to men of little faith. In 1935, as a struggling young actor, he wrote a gruesome play called *Night Must Fall* which caused five separate theatre managements to recoil in horror, and even brought a reproof from Noël Coward: "I say, old chap, don't you think it's just the teensiest, weensiest bit unpleasant here and there?" *Night Must Fall* ran for a year, was sold to Hollywood for £20,000, and has become a perennial production of repertory companies the world over.

Then there was the time he tried to get a play called *The Corn Is Green* produced. Every producer in London told him that nobody would be interested in the story of a schoolteacher and a Welsh mine boy. Yet, when it was at last staged, it ran for two years, closing only because of the blitz.

Audience Was Spellbound

So when Williams strode on to the stage of Drury Lane on October 10, 1950, about midway through the star-studded charity bill, he was supremely confident. His grey hair, grown long for the occasion, was massed about his head like a lion's mane. A red geranium flashed from the buttonhole of his Victorian evening suit. A grizzled false beard erupted over the frills of his shirt front. As he took up his position behind a pulpit-like desk upholstered in claret-coloured velvet, he slowly removed a pair of immaculate kid gloves from ring-studded fingers. Then, with an elaborately elegant gesture, he picked up a morocco-bound volume and began to read aloud. Within a few seconds his audience was transfixed, and Williams had "patented" one of the most lucrative ideas in show business.

Since that night, his reincarnation of the great Victorian novelist has been a leading attraction at two Edinburgh Festivals and has filled theatres in most of the principal cities of Britain and the United States. A century ago, men fought in the streets for the privilege of hearing the real Dickens read from his own works on the stage. Williams's audiences are only slightly less demonstrative. In Birmingham, where they once rioted over Dickens, four hundred were turned away from a Williams matinée.

Fellow artists are frankly envious. Williams's stage equipment costs less than £50 and can be carried in the back of a car. He pays no royalties and requires no stagehands, orchestra or other actors. In Britain, he gets eighty per cent of the net receipts; one recent six-week run (which Williams donated to charity) brought £5,000.

Since Williams came down from Oxford in 1927 "to paint his face and waste his time," as his horrified mother put it, he has written twenty-one plays and starred in them, acted in thirty plays by other authors and played about thirty film rôles. The latest was in *Ivanhoe*. Most of his film rôles have been character parts in which he has, according to David Lean, the director, "stolen the show from under the stars' noses." Williams hates the sight of himself on the screen and refuses to see his own films.

Even Holidays Mean Work

In between, Williams has managed to wedge a surprising amount of extra work writing film scripts, broadcasting, entertaining troops, appearing in TV shows and shuttling between Hollywood and New York. Recently, during a tour for troops in Germany, he was asked to do a show on Sundays. His manager, Leonard Upton, refused. "Why did you turn them down?" Williams asked him. "What will we do on Sundays if we don't work?"

His idea of a holiday at his Berkshire home was to work continually on an abridgement of *Bleak House*, his current Dickens offering, in which he speaks with the voices of thirty-five characters. When he was supposed to be ski-ing with his family in Austria last Christmas, he could be seen pecking away at his typewriter on the snow-covered slopes. And during theatre intervals, when most actors relax, Williams continues to type with two fingers at what he describes as "odds and ends."

This human perpetual motion machine is small and bright-eyed, with untidy grey hair, a fetching smile and easy, unaffected manners. On stage he looks remarkably like the pictures of Dickens reading to the public which adorn his walls and mantelpiece. Offstage there is at least one conspicuous difference: Dickens was a dandy. Williams is completely unconscious of his appearance. Angela Baddeley, who has often starred in his plays, remembers one laugh that did not appear in the script of his play, *The Light Of Heart*.

Williams, as Dickens, meets the Queen Mother.

Williams was supposed to come on stage wearing a new suit and overcoat, but one night he appeared in a pale blue coat about four sizes too small. The cuffs reached almost to his elbows, and he bulged in every direction. The audience tittered. "I couldn't find my own coat, so I borrowed the dresser's," said Williams disarmingly. "I didn't think you'd notice."

"If it wasn't for Molly he wouldn't get a new suit till the old one fell off him," one of his friends declares. Molly, his wife, is the former Molly O'Shann, a musical comedy actress whom he married secretly in 1934.

Borrowed The Dean's Soap

Once, when touring during the war, Upton caught Williams gloomily examining a dirty pair of flannel trousers. He announced that he was going to wash them because "it isn't right to bother the dry cleaners."

"You can't do that," cried Upton. "Why, they'll look terrible."

"No, they won't," said Williams, "I'll only wash them to the knees."

This naïve contempt for his appearance created a modest sensation in 1923, when Williams entered Christ Church, Oxford, on a scholarship. Williams had read in a pamphlet of instructions that if he wanted anything he was to ask the Dean. Characteristically, he had arrived at Oxford without soap, so he promptly knocked on the Dean's door and asked for some. So startling was the request that the astonished servant went

The beard is false: the flowing hair is his own

In the garden, his wife and sons relax. But Emlyn Williams rarely stops work on his scripts

into the bathroom and emerged with a partially used bar. Williams thought the service at Oxford was first-class.

All the same, Williams's scholarship turned out to be impressive. Among other things he mastered five languages—between bouts with the Oxford University Dramatic Society. It was a year before he got a speaking part. He described it in a letter to his former schoolteacher, Miss Sarah Grace Cooke, who was to serve as the model for the emotional and possessive Miss Moffat in his autobiographical success, *The Corn Is Green*.

"Alas!" he wrote. "I am but a maître d'hôtel, that type of person who rushes everybody else in and out and says 'Madame, the carriage is waiting' and other remarks strongly charged with drama. But it is most interesting to watch the others."

At Oxford, he wrote his first play, which earned him £10 in royalties from a local repertory company. As he launched himself on an acting career, he wrote to Miss Cooke asking her to intercede with his parents. "I'm afraid they will think I've gone to the dogs," he said. His mother slowly resigned herself to the disgrace, recalling that it was probably inevitable, for even as a child he had dressed himself up in a quilt and acted before a mirror.

His first three years as an actor were lean, but he finally got a good part. His friends and neighbours in the tiny Welsh village of Mostyn were so concerned for his success that they prayed for him: "Lord, give Thy blessing to the son of this village, on trial tonight in Mr. Edgar Wallace's *On The Spot*."

Before the long run of *On The Spot* had concluded, Williams had written his first successful play, *A Murder Has been Arranged*, for which five managements bid furiously.

Williams has always been fascinated by the literary possibilities of death. At twelve he wrote a novel called *The Tombs Of Terror*. It opened: "The great molten mass of fire is sinking o'er the rim of the desert. Shadows creep across the sky, shadows deepen o'er the wastes, shadows darken the sluggish Nile, shadows come silent and sinister upon all. The dead are left in their granite coffins in the blackest darkness, bats wing their way round and round in the bottomless abyss, night spreads her black wings over us, for the sun is going to its rest."

With this behind him, Williams was almost fated to write *Night Must Fall* (which remains one of the classic horror-plays of the stage). He did not act in the film version, which starred his close friend, Robert Montgomery. "I was sick of playing Danny with his hatbox with the head in it," he says.

Spends Little On Himself

Today, Williams makes an estimated £20,000 to £25,000 a year, though no one would know it to look at him. He seldom spends money on himself, lives modestly in a house in Pelham Crescent, South Kensington, often eats in cheap restaurants, and stays in second-rate lodging houses on tour because he thinks hotels are inconvenient and too expensive.

The only reason he owns a car—a Rolls-Royce which he uses on tour—is because his wife insists on it. In London he walks to the theatre while his chauffeur drives behind at a discreet distance. When it rains, the chauffeur begs him to ride, but Williams often refuses. This frightens his management, for if he catches a chill and is unable to appear, no one can replace him as Charles Dickens.

For his exacting rôle, he rehearses as Dickens did—by reading aloud to his family and his friends. His two sons, Brook, aged fourteen, and Allan, aged seventeen, whose criticism is sharp and frank, are now helping him with next season's Dickens offering. It usually takes a year of hard work to prepare a programme like *Bleak House*, for it involves constant reading, editing and piecing together.

Typing Helps His Memory

To help him to memorize, Williams types out adaptations himself. At the end of a year he has about 15,000 words typed out on small sheets of paper which he pastes in a dummy volume. This he carries on stage, but rarely consults. He now knows 30,000 words of Dickens by heart, but easily distinguishes between *Bleak House* and his previous season's programme, which consisted of selections from *Dombey And Son*, *The Pickwick Papers*, *Christmas Stories* and *A Tale Of Two Cities*.

When he wants to, he can switch easily from one programme to another. Recently touring Wales, he was asked to give readings at a Swansea hospital. He decided to do the mixed programme, but by mistake he had brought along only the book of *Bleak House*. Not only did he give the entire performance without a cue to jog his memory, but he thoughtfully left out several passages from the crude conversation of Bob Sawyer, the medical student, so that the patients would not be disturbed by references to operations and death—which is exactly what Charles Dickens did when *he* visited a hospital and read the same selection. THE END

Hyperion, harnessed to the filly, looked straight ahead. The shining buggy, with Uncle Henry up aloft, spanked confidently around the ring

The horse with a roving eye

by ***DAL STIVENS***

He was a well-bred horse who wouldn't run—even with a bonfire beneath him. But a whinny from a pretty filly, and he was off!

UNCLE HENRY WAS SMOKING his pipe after midday dinner and was staring moodily at the ripening brown wheat crop when the inspiration about Hyperion, his old bloodhorse, came to him.

"Races are probably out, as Septimus says, but I've got it!" he cried. "Hyperion is a cert for the Judge's Trophy!" The trophy, a weighty, ornate silver cup, was awarded each year at the Australian Mundabilla Horticultural and Agricultural Society's Show for the best turn-out.

"A good sulky and harness and the trophy is in the bag," said my Uncle Henry, his gentle brown eyes beginning to flame and the stoop leaving his long, cranelike figure.

"In the soup, you mean," said my Uncle Septimus. He was fifty, ten years older than my Uncle Henry, a short little man who prided himself on his hard-headedness, and on being a bachelor. He hadn't a high opinion of the old black stallion. "That Romeo hasn't a sensible thought in his head. Put him in a sulky, and he'd probably kick it to bits or chase after the fillies."

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND SHEPPARD, R.I.

"He'll be a good sulky horse, I know it," said my Uncle Henry. "He's got the makings. I'll get on the phone to Regan straight away and get him to bring out the best sulky and harness he's got. There's no time to be wasted."

The Mundabilla Horticultural and Agricultural Society's show was a week away. Regan was the Mundabilla blacksmith.

"Save your money," said Uncle Septimus

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Cycling mother streaks into the big money

by KEITH ELLIS

Eileen Sheridan, the girl with the record-breaking legs, has only one complaint as a top-earning professional—there's not enough competition

AT 2 A.M. ON MAY 23, 1952, a chunky-legged girl wearing black shorts and a black sweater crouched over a racing cycle on the Portsmouth to London road just north of Esher, Surrey. "Ten seconds to go, Eileen." A group of officials and helpers silhouetted in the light of car headlamps heard Benjamin Best, the official timekeeper, count off the seconds: "Five, four, three, two, one . . . off!" The cyclist pressed her right foot hard on the pedal. Eileen Sheridan had started her first professional road record attempt.

The cold took its toll. Eileen's breathing was affected. The sun came up, but it seemed too late. "Six miles from the end," says Benjamin Best, "she was several minutes behind schedule, and we'd all given up hope. Then she put on a last spurt. She had more in reserve than we'd expected." Soon after 9 a.m., Eileen streaked past her finishing point in bright sunshine. She had beaten the previous record by two minutes forty-eight seconds, having covered 138 miles at an average speed of 19.147 m.p.h.

Faster Than The Buses

At twenty-eight, Eileen is pretty and vivacious, with brown eyes and soft brown hair. Her husband, Ken, is an aircraft engineer and they have a son, Clive, aged seven. Eileen is half an inch under five feet tall, and when in training weighs seven stone five. "That's the lowest I ever get," she says. "Below that, it's solid." After her first professional success, she went on to establish eight long-distance road records and five high-speed track records, all in four and a half months.

Her time of five hours nineteen minutes and thirty-five seconds for the Birmingham to London run is faster than the scheduled bus services. Between Liverpool and Edinburgh—a mountainous ordeal of 210½ miles—she took only twice as long as the fastest express train. Her best ride, however, was a London to York record through appalling weather in ten hours. As soon as Best had clocked her time in York, she continued for a further two hours to set up a women's twelve-hour record of 231 miles.

"Everything happened on that run," she says. It was raining when she started, and it kept on raining. A tailed shirt of waterproof silk kept her reasonably dry, but it was little protection against an icy cross-wind. In one market town, she got mixed up with some sheep. North of Doncaster, she found level-crossing gates closed against her. "I went through the side-gates, but I'd hardly started when I saw another set of level-crossing gates closing against me. 'No, no!' I shouted. It was as though the keeper had heard me. Just as I reached them, they swung open again. The gap was just big enough for me to squeeze through."

Outside York, she was about to overtake a motorist when he pulled out from the side of the

Still vivaciously smiling, Eileen Sheridan displays her muscles as she tops off an eighty-mile run with her daily exercises. Weighing only 103 pounds, she lifts seventy-two pounds with ease

The girl whose recent life has been a succession of broken records: Eileen Sheridan goes all out on the Barnet Norwich road. Each success means a fresh bonus to add to her fees and salary

road. He seemed determined not to let her pass. When he did so, she had almost reached the centre of the city, with its narrow, winding streets, dense with traffic. Nagging at the thought of wasted seconds, she crawled to the post office where the official timekeeper was waiting.

She had no sooner started again than a woman cyclist shot out of a side street and knocked her off. She straightened her wheel, replaced the chain and remounted. A few miles north of York, a bull was careering about the road. "Record or no record," she says, "I wasn't getting mixed up with that bull. I crawled until two farmers got it through a gate."

Must Keep To Schedule

All record attempts have to conform with the strict rules laid down by the Women's Road Records Association. Four days before each run, Frank Southall, her manager, himself a former professional cyclist, has to submit to the W.R.R.A. a schedule stating at what time Eileen will start and the time at which it is calculated she will reach various points on the route. Where possible, Southall tries to avoid large towns at rush hours; he even consults level-crossing keepers about the times of trains. Once the schedule has been submitted, Eileen must start at the exact time stated.

Every attempt must be observed throughout by an official observer of the W.R.R.A., and timed by an official timekeeper using a tested stop-watch. In addition, the association's observers are placed along the route. The rider must have no help of any kind unless she puts her foot down, and no following car may come within a hundred yards of her. The attempt must be conducted quietly and unostentatiously and the rider must wear inconspicuous dress. There must be no prior publicity.

It was this last rule that caused Eileen's greatest disappointment. Last October, she went down to Penzance to attempt the Land's End to London record. She made good time all the way, and after fourteen hours came in sight of the finishing point at Hyde Park Corner. Knowing that she had broken the record by more than twenty minutes, she was mildly surprised at the quietness of her reception. Her husband broke the news to her on their way home: an over-eager newspaperman had published the news that the attempt was to take place. Under the rules of the W.R.R.A., this constituted "prior publicity" and, though Eileen knew nothing about it, the record was not counted.

Weather, especially wind, can make or mar a record attempt. Southall listens to all the forecasts and also uses his own considerable weather-sense. Besides working out a schedule and predicting the weather, he has to arrange for the official timekeeper and official observer. Normally, they travel in a car driven by Montford Southall, his brother. Behind are two chauffeur-driven Humber Snipes, one for the press, one for emergencies. Last of all, Southall follows in his own car. This retinue is one reason why a record attempt may cost anything between £300 and £1,000.

On a long ride, Eileen takes an egg and milk drink every fifteen miles, with sugar and glucose when she needs an extra spurt of energy. The drinks are handed up by helpers dropped along the route from Southall's car. When the helper sees Eileen approaching, he starts to run forward with the bottle in his right hand. Eileen takes it without stopping, thumbs off the cork, drinks it and jettisons the bottle.

Flashed Past Her Snack

Although the rule has now been modified, Southall was forbidden last year to overtake Eileen on the road and, to feed her, he had to make detours. At one point on the London to York ride, he calculated that he could do a mile and a half detour in a shorter time than Eileen could do a mile on the straight road. He turned sharply off, drove rapidly through some country lanes and turned back towards the main road. He was just approaching the junction when Eileen flashed by. "I couldn't meet her again for another ten miles."

Eileen's first cycle ride was from Coventry to Warwick and back, a distance of twenty miles, at the age of fourteen. "I thought I'd never get home," she says. "At one stage, I just got off and sat by the roadside." In the next few years, she was keener on swimming than cycling, and it was at a swimming pool that she first met her husband. It was not until she was married that she joined the Coventry Cycling Club. She was still only twenty.

The secretary suggested she should take part in amateur races, and she agreed to be entered in a trial being run near Stonebridge. With a handicap of nine minutes, she won both the handicap and the straight race. Encouraged by her success, she entered the women's national twenty-five-mile championship, and won in the time of one hour eight minutes thirty-eight seconds. "In those days, that was really going."

The Baby Often Came, Too

In April, 1946, her son was born and she had to give up racing—but only temporarily. "I was pretty busy, and got lazy about cycling," she says. "But a few weeks later, Ken pumped up the tyres and put my bike out for me. Once I was on it, I felt fine." Seven weeks later, she went for an eighty-mile run with the club. Afterwards, they used to get the baby up at dawn and, while Eileen kept up with the club, Ken followed behind with Clive in the sidecar.

It was not until the end of 1948 that she was again fit to enter a serious contest. She celebrated by breaking the national competition thirty-mile record. Since then, her life has been a succession of broken records and championship victories. "When she broke the twelve-hour record by seventeen miles," says Best, "people wouldn't believe it at first. That record will stand for ever."

In October, 1951, she took a step which she had been contemplating for some time: she turned professional. Since then, she has been under an exclusive contract to a firm of cycle manufacturers. Though she refuses to disclose her earnings, she is reputed to have made about £2,500 during her first year as a professional. This includes a substantial basic salary, bonuses for breaking records and fees from outside sources. She also receives expenses. "I recently asked if I could have a new evening dress for cycling club dinners," she says. "I thought that ten or twelve pounds would be enough. They told me I couldn't get a good one under twenty-five."

In professional riding she misses competition to spur her on. "In amateur time-trials," she says, "we set off at minute intervals. I used to punch my bike until I caught up with my 'minute girl.' As a professional, I'm all alone."

Eighty Miles Every Day

The Sheridans have recently bought a reconstructed cottage at Isleworth, and have the Thames at the bottom of their back garden. Combining housekeeping, motherhood and cycling keeps Eileen more than busy. During the racing season—which lasts as long as the fine weather, approximately from April to November—she does no heavy training, making each record attempt a training run for the next. In the late winter and early spring, she starts training for the coming season.

After taking Clive to school in the morning, she does the shopping and housework, makes an eighty-mile road run and returns in time to collect Clive soon after three. After tea, she spends the rest of the afternoon with him, sometimes taking him on a short cycle run. She then prepares her husband's dinner, eats with him and then retires to the garage for serious training.

If, for some reason, she has been unable to do eighty miles on the road, she does an equivalent distance on the rollers. Otherwise, she indulges in a little weight-lifting to strengthen her legs, arms, back and stomach muscles. The rest of the evening is taken up with answering fan-letters and queries from aspiring champions. "Why do I do it?" she says. "For the money. After all, I have a family." THE END

Susan opened the shop door and went in, unaware of the man on the pavement watching her. He paused for a moment, undecided, then followed her

AFTER THE FUNERAL

by ***AGATHA CHRISTIE***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Everyone, Poirot knew, had something to hide. He had to know everything—and this way it could be done

SOMEONE HAD TRIED to poison elderly, frumpish Miss Gilchrist, by sending her a piece of wedding cake containing arsenic. Hercule Poirot was not surprised. The dynamic little Belgian detective had feared she might be in danger; the whole case so far pointed to it.

Poirot had originally been called in to investigate the sudden death of Richard Abernethie, a wealthy businessman, and the murder—with a hatchet—of his sister, Cora Lansquenet, at her country cottage the day after his funeral.

Was there any connection between the two deaths? Mr. Entwhistle, Richard's solicitor, thought there might be. What put the idea into his head was a characteristically blunt remark of Cora's after he had read the will at Enderby Hall, Richard's country house.

In front of the whole family, she had burst out cheerfully: "But he *was* murdered, wasn't he?"

It seemed idiotic to take her seriously; and yet the old lawyer had been uneasy. And so had Helen, Richard Abernethie's sister-in-law. During the scene created by Cora, she could have sworn that some detail was wrong. The feeling returned with maddening persistency.

Poirot pondered. Had Cora known something? Was that why she had been killed the very next day? Did Miss Gilchrist—Cora's companion-help—know more than she had told? She had already mentioned Richard's obsession, just before he died, that he was being poisoned: she had overheard him telling Cora about it. And then Miss Gilchrist herself had been poisoned. Fortunately, she had fully recovered, and was now in Yorkshire, looking after Cora's ailing brother, Timothy.

All the family had benefited from Richard's death, and all had alibis for the time of Cora's murder—but investigation had blown those alibis sky-high.

As yet, Poirot had not met the family himself. Alone of the Abernethies, Helen knew he had undertaken the case. Poirot went to Enderby Hall to see her in his new guise—as "M. Pontarlier," a prospective buyer of the house for an imaginary organization. An audacious plan was simmering in his mind. . . .

PART 5

Alias Pontarlier

HERCULE POIROT said to a grim-faced Janet: "Thank you very much. You have been most kind." Janet, her lips still fixed in a sour line, left the room.

These foreigners! The questions they asked. Their impertinence! All very well to say that he was a specialist interested in unsuspected heart conditions such as Mr. Abernethie must

PEOPLE IN THE CASE

TIMOTHY ABERNETHIE—younger brother of the dead Richard Abernethie. A blustering old hypochondriac, affronted at not inheriting *all* his brother's money. Childishly dependent on ***MAUDE***, his fussily devoted wife—a big, capable, tweedy woman.

HELEN ABERNETHIE—Richard's favourite; his brother Leo's widow. Fiftyish, charming and intelligent.

ROSAMUND SHANE—Richard's lovely, scatterbrained niece. With her vain, ambitious husband, ***MICHAEL***, earns a precarious living from the stage.

SUSAN BANKS—Richard's other niece, who inherited his good business sense and strong personality. Married—in spite of family disapproval — to ***GREGORY***, a chemist, who was once a patient in a mental home.

GEORGE CROSSFIELD—Richard's racy young nephew, who works for a shady firm of solicitors, and—Mr. Entwhistle suspects—has been speculating with his clients' money.

CORA LANSQUENET—Richard's youngest sister, found brutally murdered with a hatchet at her country cottage the day after the funeral, by ***MISS GILCHRIST***, her genteel, twittery companion-help.

have suffered from. That was very likely true—gone very sudden, the master had, and the doctor had been surprised. But what business was it of some foreign doctor coming along and nosing in? All very well for Mrs. Leo to say: "Please answer Monsieur Pontarlier's questions. He has a good reason for asking."

Questions, questions. About the medicines the master had taken, and where they were kept, and if, perhaps, he might have taken too much of them if he was forgetful. As though she could remember all that rubbish! The master knew what he was doing. And asking if any of the medicines he took were still in the house! Naturally they'd all been thrown away. Heart condition—and some long word he'd used. Doctors!

The self-appointed medical man sighed and went in search of Lanscombe, the butler. He had not got very much out of Janet, but he had hardly expected to do so. All he had really wanted to do was to check such information as could unwillingly be extracted from her with that given him by Helen Abernethie.

Yes, Poirot thought, he could have relied on the information that Helen had got for him. But by nature and long habit he trusted nobody he himself had not tried and proved.

In any case, the evidence was slight and unsatisfactory. It boiled down to the fact that Richard Abernethie had been prescribed vitamin oil capsules, and that these had been in a large bottle which had been nearly finished at the time of his death. Anybody who had wanted to could have operated on one or more of those capsules with a hypodermic syringe and could have rearranged the bottle so that the fatal dose would only be taken some weeks later. Or someone might have slipped into the house on the day before Richard Abernethie died and organized the poison.

Hercule Poirot had made his own experiments. The front door was kept locked, but there was a side door giving on the garden which was not locked until evening. At about a quarter past one, when the gardeners had gone to lunch and when the household was in the dining-room, Poirot had entered the grounds, come to the side door, and mounted the stairs to Richard Abernethie's bedroom without meeting anybody. As a variant, he had pushed through a baize door and slipped into the larder. He had heard voices from the kitchen at the end of the passage—but no one had seen him.

Yes, it could have been done. But had it been done? There was nothing to indicate that that was so. Not that Poirot was really looking for evidence—he wanted only to satisfy himself as to possibilities. The murder of Richard Abernethie could only be an hypothesis. It was Cora Lansquenet's murder for which evidence was needed. What he wanted was to study the people who had been assembled for the funeral that day, and to form his own conclusions about them. He already had his plan, but first he wanted a few more words with old Lanscombe.

LANSCOMBE was courteous but distant. Less resentful than Janet, he nevertheless regarded this upstart foreigner as the materialization of the Writing on the Wall. This was What We Are Coming To!

He put down the leather with which he was lovingly polishing the Georgian teapot and straightened his back.

"Yes, sir?" he said politely.

Poirot sat down gingerly on a pantry stool. "Mrs. Abernethie tells me that you hoped to reside in the lodge by the north gate when you retired from service here?"

"That is so, sir. Naturally, all that is changed now. When the property is sold——"

Poirot interrupted deftly: "It might still be possible. There are cottages for the gardeners. The lodge is not needed for the guests or their attendants. It might be possible to make an arrangement of some kind."

"Well, thank you, sir, for the suggestion. But I hardly think. . . . The majority of the—guests would be foreigners, I presume?"

"Yes, they will be foreigners. Among those who fled from Europe to this country are several who are old and infirm. Funds have been raised, and are being administered by the organization which I represent, to endow various country homes for them. This place is eminently suitable. The matter is practically settled."

Lanscombe sighed.

"You'll understand, sir, that it's sad for me to think that this won't be a private dwelling-house any longer. . . . Of course, I realize, it's

Miss Gilchrist said in a muted, agitated voice:

Helen started violently at Poirot's remark. "Ah, *pardon*!" he cried. But it was too late: the glass case had slipped from her fingers

"It's a nun. Collecting." Maude broke off her conversation and looked up sharply from the telephone. Miss Gilchrist seemed to be unaccountably upset

for a good purpose. We've always welcomed the unfortunate in this country, sir. It's been our pride. We shall continue so to do."

"Thank you, Lanscombe," said Poirot gently. "Your master's death must have been a great blow to you."

"It was, sir. I'd been with the master since he was quite a young man. I've been very fortunate in my life, sir. No one could have had a better master."

"I have been conversing with my friend and—er—colleague, Dr. Larraby. We were wondering if your master could have had any extra worry—any unpleasant interview—on the day before he died? You do not remember if any visitors came to the house that day?"

"I think not, sir. I do not recall any." Lanscombe pondered. "The vicar was here to tea the day before. Otherwise—some nuns called for a subscription, and a young man came to the back door and wanted to sell Marjorie some brushes and saucepan cleaners. Very persistent, he was. Nobody else."

A worried expression had appeared on Lanscombe's face.

POIROT did not try to press him further. He went to fetch his overcoat and a couple of scarves, and, thus padded against the north country air, he went out on the terrace and joined Helen Abernethie, who was clipping some late roses.

"Have you found out anything fresh?" she asked.

"Nothing. But I hardly expected to do so."

"I know. Ever since Mr. Entwhistle told me you were coming, I've been ferreting round, but there's really been nothing."

She paused and said hopefully: "Perhaps it *is* all a mare's nest?"

"To be attacked with a hatchet?"

"I wasn't thinking of Cora."

"But it is of Cora that I think. Why was it necessary for someone to kill her? Mr. Entwhistle has told me that on that day, at the moment that she came out suddenly with her *gaffe*, you yourself felt that something was wrong. That is so?"

"Well—yes, but I don't know——"

Poirot swept on. "How 'wrong'? Unexpected? Surprising? Or—what shall we say—uneasy? Sinister?"

"Oh, no. Not sinister. Just something that

Continued on page 29

COMMANDO! (7) by *Brigadier JOHN DURNFORD SLATER, D.S.O.*

WE LEAP-FROG INTO A DUEL WITH THE PANZERS

The lunch was excellent, and I hardly believed Pooley when he burst in to say that German tanks were approaching. Then I saw them. "You're right," I said. "Come and join me in a brandy"

ONE DAY, just after we had crossed from Sicily to the Italian mainland, General Dempsey called me in. "John," he said, "if I can fix it for you to be stepped up to brigadier, would you like to remain here in Italy?"

"Thank you very much, sir," I replied, "but I'd rather take my chances on the Second Front when it comes off."

With this in mind, the general put me in command of a force consisting of No. 3 Commando, 40 Royal Marine Commando, and the Special Raiding Squadron. I was a lieutenant-colonel acting as Brigade Commander. I had a very small, very efficient headquarters with Brian Franks as brigade major. Paper work was nil. Brian used to pull a few bits of paper out of his pockets occasionally and write something down. That was our filing system.

In Sicily and Italy the rate of advance was always being slowed down by the fact that only one coastal road was available. All the Germans had to do was to hold a few posts along it and cause a lengthy delay. To overcome these delaying tactics General Dempsey decided to launch a

series of seaborne assaults several miles ahead of the advancing Eighth Army. He hoped that the Germans, hearing that a landing had been made behind them, would quickly retire, leaving the road clear for our advance.

Towards the end of September, 1943, we were assigned one of these jobs—to leap-frog up the Italian east coast about twenty miles ahead of our leading troops to capture Termoli, a town built round a small harbour, and to hold it until the Eighth Army caught up to us. This would give us a footing across the Biferno River, a natural defence line, and also give us a small port for the unloading of stores. Things had, however, been moving very fast, and our information about the place was nil.

Four Days Without Sleep

The brigade arrived at Bari by sea on the scheduled night of the operation. The men had come in landing craft which had been inadequately supplied with fresh water. They were tired and dirty. "We can't operate tonight," Brian Franks told me. He was upset about it. "The men have had no sleep for four days, and had a very bad passage. You really must get the thing put off for a day."

"I'll get in touch with General Dempsey," I promised. When I did, the general agreed to a twenty-four-hour postponement.

Meanwhile, I got into touch with the naval man at Bari to get a sailing order from him—a necessary formality. "I'll have nothing to do with this," he said. "I've heard nothing about it and I'll not let you go."

I felt it was not worth while arguing the point. Instead, to give us freedom of movement, I decided to establish our own base at Manfredonia, a good port farther up the coast. Brian Franks wrote out the sailing orders to leave Bari, which our naval friend had refused, and I signed them. We moved up the coast. This was somewhat irregular, but necessary, since things had moved so fast that we had outrun our naval liaison and I did not wish to become entangled in red tape at this time.

Next day, we were ready to operate. Unfortunately, we had only a small-scale chart for the sea journey. Our flotilla slipped anchor at 11.30 hours on October 2. It was a lovely day and we sat on deck enjoying the sun and the lovely coastline. Soon after nightfall, however, heavy clouds banked up and it grew ominously dark. As we came near the mouth of the Biferno, shallow with silt but not thus marked on our inadequate chart, the entire flotilla ran softly aground. It was not a comfortable feeling to be aground close to an enemy coast at one o'clock in the morning, but the R.N. crews had the flotilla free in half an hour. As we reached our rendezvous, it began to rain. We transferred quietly to small assault craft.

Moment Before The Attack

By the time we were ready to land, although it was still pitch dark, the rain had stopped. There was a lingering feel of dampness in the air. The night was dead still. This, the moment before a seaborne attack, with the enemy coastline looming up in the night, was the supreme thrill for me: nothing else could match it.

Our headquarters boat beached first, three-quarters of a mile west of Termoli. It was 2 a.m. Brian and I dashed out of the craft. We were followed by four signallers who carried a heavy wireless set on a stretcher. We needed this heavy set, as it had to transmit and receive a distance of at least thirty miles to General Dempsey's H.Q. Another signaller carried carrier pigeons in a basket—just in case the radio did not work. We climbed the steep sandhills with the four signallers puffing and blowing as they carried the heavy set, slipping now and then and cursing under their breath. Brigade headquarters was on the move and in action.

The landing beach at Termoli. Leap-frogging up the Italian east coast twenty miles ahead of the advancing Eighth Army, the Commandos captured the town and held it against a tank attack

Boat Struck A Sandbank

So far, No. 3 Commando had landed and secured our bridgehead without the knowledge of the enemy. The one large landing craft in which 40 Commando and the Special Raiding Squadron were to come ashore had struck on a sandbank which, again, had not been marked on our small-scale chart. Learmont, a naval lieutenant, had come up the beach with my headquarters. I turned to him, pointing to the grounded craft. "Can you get your small craft going to give them a reasonably dry landing?"

"Yes, Colonel. I'll get cracking."

Soon these troops were passing through us on their way to work, and then the night of peace became a night of battle. Spandaus, Brens and rifles chattered and cracked. Very soon our headquarters, on a sand dune half a mile from the town, was remote from the shifting battle. There was fighting in the streets now, a lot of shooting, plenty of small stuff sounding crisp and harsh and deadly.

"Let's get on the move," I said to Brian. In a few minutes we heard a railway engine making starting noises and, hurrying, found it facing in our direction. Brian and I performed an encircling movement. He jumped into the cab, pistol in hand. "Hands up!" he said in German to the driver. The German obeyed. His train never made its scheduled trip northward. The coaches behind the engine were loaded with German troops, fast asleep. We woke them up and made prisoners of them. They took a lot of rousing, and could scarcely believe what was happening to them. They thought that they were thirty safe miles behind the front lines.

I had headquarters set up in the back yard of a house near the station. The radio was just then on the move, so we released a couple of pigeons with news of our progress. They merely circled and landed again. "Those damn Italian birds," Brian Franks said, in a tone of disgust, "they're no better than their troops!"

There was a certain amount of desultory firing from the Germans in the area of the station now, but nothing concerted. In the first rush, 40 Commando had cleared up most of the opposition. It was now six in the morning.

Meanwhile, 40 Commando and the Special Raiding Squadron had moved on. Our opponents were the German parachutists we had encountered before, in the Battle of the Commando Bridge. Some of them seemed eager to fight until they died. I observed one of them, lying in an olive grove partly behind a tree about eight hundred yards in front of our position. Although obviously wounded, he continued to fire at us regularly and accurately. We were unable to move anyone forward to make him prisoner. Instead, we returned his fire. He died where he fought, in the olive grove.

During the fighting, General Heydrich, the German Parachute Divisional Commander, slipped out of the town on foot. He kindly left his car behind, a 1939 model Horsch—long, low, black, and very fast. No. 3 Commando found it, cleaned it up, and presented it to me.

Lorries Loaded With Loot

It has always struck me as extraordinary how the news of a battle sometimes fails to spread. Throughout the morning, German supply lorries kept coming in from the north. At a crossroad, 40 Commando ambushed twelve of these, greeting each vehicle with long Bren bursts until it ran off the road and overturned, often in flames.

Gradually calm settled on the town. It was ours. We had taken fifty vehicles, including trucks and lorries loaded with loot—clothes, chocolate, and even British Red Cross cigarettes which must have been stolen from prisoner-of-war supplies. We had about seventy prisoners, some of whom spoke excellent English. Their attitude towards the war was that Britain and Germany should join together and wipe out Russia and Italy. They detested the Italians, blaming those in Termoli for their capture that morning. With great tact, they added that they considered it a great honour to be taken prisoner by Commando troops.

After the fighting, I withdrew 40 Commando

As each German lorry came up to the crossroad, my men let loose with their Bren guns. In all, twelve lorries were destroyed in the ambush

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED LAURENT

Brigadier Durnford Slater with his wife and daughter Jennifer at their home in Bedford. On the wall is a wartime portrait of him painted by Cathleen Mann and exhibited in the Royal Academy

and the S.R.S. into Termoli to rest and refit. That left the perimeter seriously undermanned, but this was a calculated gamble on my part as these men had had only one decent night's sleep in the better part of a week, and I wanted them in tip-top shape in case they were needed. No. 3 Commando was left on outpost duty north of the town. Later that day the first Eighth Army troops began to arrive.

Allan Peille had joined my headquarters as intelligence officer a short while before Termoli. Now he secured for Brigade H.Q. the best house in the town, a big stucco villa overlooking the harbour.

The doctors took over Termoli hospital and treated the wounded. Their devotion to duty was, I thought, admirable. I don't like the smell of hospitals and avoid entering them if I can, but I watched these surgeons at work with pride. However, a senior medical officer who outranked me turned up at ten o'clock in the evening of October 3 and proceeded to lecture me on my lack of staff knowledge concerning medical problems. We hadn't acted through proper channels, he said.

I was tired by this time and over-wrought. "You go to hell!" I shouted. "We know how to run our battles: when I want your advice I'll come to see you." He didn't trouble us any more.

Patrolling For Snipers

The next day, October 4, began quietly. More supporting troops arrived with anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns. The inhabitants had begun to show signs of being troublesome and there was a great deal of civilian sniping. A patrol of 40 Commando on anti-sniping duties saw a man leave a house and throw a grenade at a gun position. I estimated the time between the man committing this offence and his execution to have been half a second.

The incidents continued. Accordingly, I had the entire male population assembled in the town square, and spread rumours of a mass execution. They went home in a more co-operative frame of mind. The sniping stopped.

That morning I spoke over the telephone through an interpreter to the mayor of Guglionesi, a neighbouring town. Although the wire passed through the German lines it had not been cut.

"There are hundreds of German tanks here," the mayor said.

I had other information from our intelligence. "Don't talk such nonsense," I told him. "There are no tanks nearer than Rome." I was aware from past experience that news of this sort was most unreliable, in any case.

The Tanks Were Coming

A tall, slender, distinguished-looking Pole, with greying hair, appeared during the morning. He told me he was a high-ranking diplomat, and invited me to luncheon in an excellent restaurant. As we sipped our brandies, John Pooley rushed in. "Colonel!" he said urgently. "There are dozens of German tanks coming over the hill."

"If there are, John, don't shout about it," I replied. "But I don't think it can be true."

"Well, come out and see for yourself."

I went out on to the balcony. I saw at least fifteen German tanks nosing over a hilltop about two miles from where I stood.

"You're right," I said to Pooley. "Come inside and join us in a brandy." I was not as unconcerned as I sounded. It just happened that we had no defence rôle at the moment, but were in reserve. At any rate, the Germans did not at this time commit their armour.

General Dempsey came up to see us that evening. I met him at the pontoon bridge which the Royal Engineers had strung across the Biferno River to replace the original one which the Germans had demolished. Before this battle, the General had been complaining that he was sick of seeing only Italian prisoners. Just then the very smart German garrison commander passed on his way back to captivity. "There's a German for you, sir," I said.

"A real Hun!" the General commented, full of good humour.

Next morning I awoke early. I was shaving at 6 a.m. in my beautiful bathroom when a dozen Messerschmidts shot past very low, shooting and bombing. This was unusual, as the Germans were short of aircraft in Italy. Just after they whizzed past it began to rain heavily. I was suddenly acutely aware of impending danger. I had a hunch that we were in for a strong German counter-attack. Added to that, there was the danger of rain flooding our temporary bridge away. This would cut us off from major reinforcements.

I sent Allan Peille off to warn 40 Commando and the S.R.S. to stand to, and to caution all the other units in the town. Later, I called around to repeat my warning to officers who were senior to me. "Don't exaggerate, Colonel," I was told by one of them. "We have things well in hand."

I shrugged and left. At least I could get on with our own defences. I sent Sergeant Lofty King and two men to occupy an observation post on top of the town's principal hotel.

Italian rivers fill with extraordinary speed in heavy rainstorms. Our bridge was swept away in a couple of hours. Soon I had 40 Commando and the S.R.S. into position and well dug in, covering the portion of the front near the sea, in support of No. 3 Commando. By eight o'clock that morning the enemy artillery barrage began, consisting of all the divisional artillery of the 16th Panzer Division, with a few heavy guns attached.

Blown Out Of A Window

During the night, a German artillery observer had managed to infiltrate through our lines into the town—it was a big perimeter with many gaps in it—and had set up an observation post with a commanding view. He brought fire on a unit of our troops moving out to the perimeter, landing a direct hit on one truck and killing those in it.

His next target was our headquarters, which he must have located from the wireless aerials. I was conferring with Brian Franks in my office. An 88-mm. shell burst in the adjacent room, where some of my staff were busy.

"We'd better have a look," I said to Brian. "Let's hope they're all right."

Brian went in first, "My God," he said, "they're not!"

Tim Leese, who had insisted on coming back after losing an eye in the Commando Bridge battle two months before, was dead. Allan Peille had been blown out of the window. He was hanging from the sill with a serious concussion, clinging there instinctively—not knowing if he were awake or asleep—until we pulled him in.

We moved our office to the ground floor, choosing the room with the strongest walls. The barrage continued.

The streets of Termoli were, by this time, strewn with broken glass and rubble. Great jagged holes gaped in the buildings. One shell dropped in a roadway and killed four soldiers walking along the pavement. There were many fires, including several blazing haystacks on the edges of the town. As night fell, they became bright, unwelcome beacons.

Cut Off And Outnumbered

The battle was not now going in our favour. The Commando troops, well dug in, had not given an inch, but the newly arrived supporting units, tired from their hurried march and in badly prepared positions, sometimes could not hold the enemy. A senior officer who had pooh-poohed my warning of danger fussed and nagged a great deal. Finally, he left me.

"I'm off to die at the head of my troops," he said, dramatically.

"I hope to God you do," I retorted, almost meaning it.

He made off down the road, heading into his first action. He did quite well later on.

Confusion filled that day. With the pontoon bridge swept away, we were completely cut off from reinforcements. Things looked bad. Jerry had a complete Panzer division and supporting troops and tanks against, on our side, one infantry brigade and our Commando Brigade, which was far from being at full strength. We were outnumbered three to two. The enemy's

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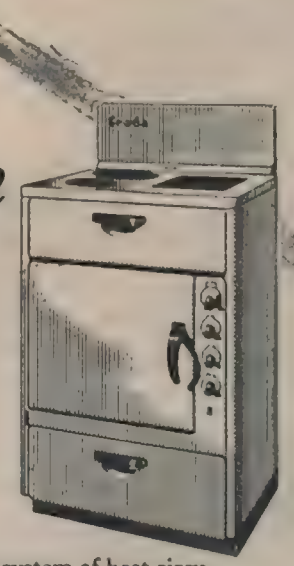

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supply lines were intact. Ours were non-existent.

The Royal Engineers rebuilding the bridge performed an epic feat. The Germans realized the significance of its reconstruction and showered shells on the sappers, who were hard at work over the roaring river. They completed the bridge by nightfall. Then our tanks crossed in strength and the battle began to swing in our favour.

We had not yet been able to locate the German artillery observer who had crept into town. Movement of troops and vehicles—even a party of two or three men—was always a challenge to him and a danger to us. We cursed him, but could not find him.

Shot On The Roof

I sent a party out to search for him at noon. Finally, at five, they pinpointed his location to a church tower. They crawled up the tower. "Come down—surrender!" my men called.

The German answered with a shot from his revolver and scurried up on to the roof. Now we sprayed the roof with Bren gun fire and, crawling up a minute or two later, found him there, sprawled dead beside his radio set. He was a tough and brave man and, while he lived, a great threat to us.

The fighting raged. No. 3 Commando, still out in front, were making during this German counter-attack what was probably their finest performance of the war. Hammered by tanks, pounded by guns, attacked by infantry, and left exposed and bleeding on one flank by the retreat of another unit, they did not budge from their positions.

George Herbert, who had come into my headquarters as liaison officer, spent that night with us. About 4 a.m. he lay down on the floor for a sleep and nestled close to an animal which he took to be a dog, cuddling it for warmth. In the cold light of dawn the dog turned out to be a pig. What George said is unprintable.

That day there was a terrific finale to the battle. Every gun we had, every mortar, tank, aeroplane and man, combined to devastate the Germans. The enemy wisely cleared off in the face of such overwhelming firepower.

At last I had a chance to look round. I found that my beautiful Horsch had been utterly destroyed by a shell outside our headquarters villa. Gears, wheels, upholstery, broken windows, were scattered over the street like the parts of a smashed clock. I tried to console myself with the thought that I was lucky not to have been in the vehicle at the time it was hit.

They Stood Firm

The Commando Brigade had done an important piece of work at Termoli. First, we had secured the town, which was vital to maintain the impetus of the army's advance, and then we had kept it against a strong and determined counter-attack. Now we had a useful harbour near the front line where men and equipment could be landed.

Indeed, if our brigade, and No. 3 Commando in particular, had not stood firm, I have no doubt that the Germans would have recaptured the town, for they had a great superiority in armour and artillery. It was the outstanding volunteer morale of the Commando units which enabled us to hold on.

Before we left Termoli, Monty came to pay us a visit. I told him that my men deserved a rest. "Take them away to Bari for a good holiday," he said brightly. "There's plenty of everything down there." This was the man who was supposed to be so austere, and to disapprove of all frivolity.

For the next few days, I was restless and uneasy. As I had discovered before, it took me at least a week to unwind after a hard battle. Just when I was feeling fit again for anything, I had a signal which quickened my pulse. It ordered me to return to Britain with No. 3 Commando. I knew this meant we were to participate in the D-Day landings.

NEXT WEEK: How the Commandos fought in the great assault on the Continent

FORGOTTEN PEOPLE

Continued from page 9

problem of the foster-mothering of young piglets. When a wold, or strayed sow, is caught and killed her sucking piglets are taken home to the women, who rear them by suckling them along with their own children.

In controlled areas nearer the coast, District Officers have instructions that they and the medical orderlies who accompany them on their tours must make sure that the infants in a village are as chubby as they should be; if they are not, the District Officer has to confiscate all sucking piglets in the village, giving suitable compensation in the form of shells or cloth.

In the Wahgi Valley there are no villages of any great size, but the various families dwell dispersed about the tribal area. Thus you see small groups of huts or solitary huts here and there on the slopes of the mountains or on the hillsides. This is itself an indication that the tribes here live more peaceably together than they do in the adjacent mountain districts, where the natives mostly live in fortified villages within palisades.

Houses Of Grass

The huts are either round or oval in shape, usually very low, and walls and roof are made of dried grass and large leaves. The appointments are the simplest imaginable: a fireplace in the centre and sleeping places on the ground round about it.

Family life—a man often has from two to five wives—appears to be very happy. A bachelor wishing to marry must, in order to obtain his bride, get together that sum in pigs, poultry, or cloth, which the father of the object of his desires has announced he requires in compensation if he is to relinquish his daughter.

Before the whites came to the Wahgi Valley, and the District Officers from the coast began flying there to pronounce new laws and regulations at the assemblies, girls were often sold against their will.

If they afterwards ran away from their husbands back to their homes, they were punished—especially if they did this several times—and often punished very cruelly, for example by having their Achilles tendons cut.

Nowadays, with every tribe there lives a police-boy, trained in Lae, who reports such things to the District Officers when they come to hold assembly several times a year. Very severe punishments are inflicted on the more serious offenders. Latterly, the girls have got to know of this and the number of compulsory marriages now seems to be declining.

But if a wife has deceived her husband and this can be proved at the assembly, then the cuckolded husband receives compensation from his father-in-law, who, according to the natives' view, has not delivered "sound goods."

More Wives The Better

The way the men live and the primitive state of native agriculture make polygamy a necessity. Except when out hunting or fishing, the men are mostly occupied sitting and talking with each other, while the women spend all day at the clearings. The only exception would be if a canoe had to be made or a tree felled.

A man's wives are never jealous of each other. On the contrary, the wives of an older man will often suggest that he should take yet another and a younger wife. If he does so then they benefit by the extra help with their heavy work.

The first wife nearly always occupies the foremost position among the women of the family; the others are something halfway between wife and servant. In the families of the chiefs the chiefship is inherited only by the sons of the first wife. The Papuans dote on their children, and it is seldom that you will hear parents scolding or chastising their offspring.

Later, when I was down at the coast, I discussed the natives' family life with an old missionary. Referring to polygamy, he said that it was mortifying to find that morals were often far

LIFE WITH FATHER

MY FATHER has a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and a Jimmy Edwards moustache which he uses to disguise himself from autograph hunters—so he imagines. Everybody in Southgate, where we live, knows the disguise. One day a boy ran up with a muddy, trampled bit of hair. He called out my father's name and added: "You've dropped your handlebars."

Father is really shaken sometimes when I am recognized and he is not. After a Frenchwoman patted me on the head during our last holiday in France, I told him: "You're going to be quite famous one day—as *my* father!" Then I ran.

We are already strong professional rivals. He accused me of hogging the limelight when Danny Kaye had a spot turned on our box one night at the Palladium; and Charlie Chester once cracked that I had put Father down in my income tax return as a dependant.

Naturally, there have been arguments between us about pocket money, on which he tends to have prewar ideas, forgetting that the cost of living has gone up since his boyhood.

As I have to pay my own income tax and sign my own cheques (he keeps the chequebook), I feel very strongly about the five bob a week I'm allowed. But Father gives me an extra half-crown a day when I'm making a picture, and that helps.

Provided we go about it the right way, Mother, Robin (my brother) and I can usually get anything we like out of Father. On Sunday afternoons he tries to cut going to a film with us, pretending he has letters to write, when he really wants to have a cosy nap before the fire. But he can be tempted with apples and nuts because he loves eating at the pictures.

Occasionally he adopts a heavy-father attitude, roaring and shouting about the house, but inside ten minutes he will be attempting to bribe us to be friendly with him.

He's not a bad sport. He likes games, though Robin can bowl him with a googly, and we both give him a rough house at boxing practice. On our last holiday in the South of France I harpooned him accidentally while goggle-fishing under the water.

Father loves home. We never go away for Christmas, as he likes Mother to do the turkey, pudding and pies. He always dresses up as Santa Claus, with the mask and outfit he bought from Woolworth's sixteen years ago. We all have to wear paper hats and get our presents from the tree, and at three o'clock everything stops for the Royal speech. The speech always makes Mother cry.

As a family, we go to bed early, Mother and Father seldom later than ten thirty. The other night I went into their bedroom, and there was Mother lying with her eyes shut while Father stood over her speaking with the deep voice of a pantomime magician.

"You are falling asleep," he was saying. "You are dreaming of green fields. The breeze is blowing. . . ."

"Father——" I began.

"Can't you see I'm hypnotizing your mother to sleep?" he said irritably. He had been reading a book on the subject, and had begun to fancy himself as a hypnotist. Just then Mother opened her eyes, gave me a broad wink, and shut them again quickly. I tiptoed out.

Father's not too bad about presents—when he returned from Korea recently he brought me a wallet, a pen, Japanese cymbals and a fishing rod. In his absence I had got into the radio series *Just William*. He was thrilled, but when I suggested we worked out a show together, he said he would only consider it if he stayed top of the bill.

Who are the famous father and son? For their names—and the complete picture—turn to page 35.

worse in the Christian villages where the natives were, of course, monogamous, than in those where there was polygamy. An old Papuan chief explained the matter thus: "Many wives—no thoughts of other women; only one wife—many such thoughts."

In 1935 a Catholic priest and a lay brother arrived in the eastern part of the Wahgi Valley to found a mission station. The natives gave them a very friendly reception, yet one day, a short time after their arrival, while walking in the forest, they were deluged with arrows and badly wounded.

The two missionaries never saw a sign of their assailants, who must have been numerous, for not one emerged or showed himself. They managed to drag themselves home to the village where they were being entertained, but died a few days later from their wounds.

It became known the following year from an official investigation-cum-punitive expedition that the murders had been the work of a neighbouring tribe, one which the missionaries had already visited and which had also given them a friendly reception. The tribesmen had neither disapproved of anything their two extraordinary visitors had done, nor coveted their curious belongings.

The reason why they had attacked them was quite simple: after studying the two white men for a time the Papuans had come to the conclusion that they might well be higher beings, and they wanted to find out whether or not they, like the powerful spirits, were immortal. None of them had had the courage to experiment at close quarters, so all the warriors of the tribe had together poured a shower of arrows from a height down upon the unsuspecting couple as they walked through the forest.

Belief in spirits, which can appear in the guise of people, animals or the most curious objects—fetishes—plays a dominant part in the religion of the natives. Even the houseboys who were

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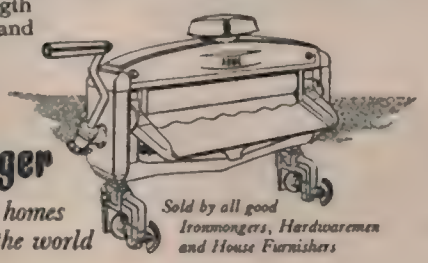

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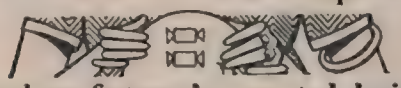

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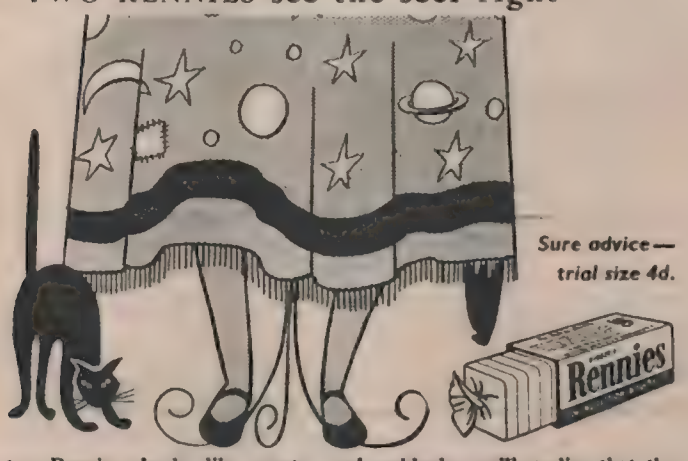

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comparatively old in the service of the experimental farm, could never be prevailed upon to wake anybody in the morning, for they considered that while people are asleep their souls leave their bodies to visit the world of the spirits, and that there would be a catastrophe should the body be woken before the soul had had time to get back.

In one tribe they believed that the feeble-minded were that way because their souls had not managed to get back into the body before it awoke, or, in the case of violent lunatics, that an evil spirit had entered the body during the absence of its rightful soul. The way to protect yourself against such evil spirits was to wear about your person a fetish harbouring a good spirit, which guarded the owner.

Wife's Feminine Guile

One of the District Officers told me of a typical illustration of this belief that the soul wanders off on its own far from the body, while the latter is asleep. The natives have no clear conception of how babies are conceived. At one assembly, one of the young men who had recently returned from service in a white family on an eighteen months' contract, during which time he had never been home because of the distance, reported that one of his wives had had a baby the day before his return.

His service with the whites had brought him a little enlightenment about life and its laws, and he now demanded the customary damages from his father-in-law for his wife's infidelity. The woman was summoned. She appeared with her youngest child at her breast and was asked for an explanation.

With that feminine guile which even the women of Papua possess in no mean degree, she explained, looking at her judges with an ingenuous gaze, that it had been worrying her, too, how this thing could have happened, but just now she had remembered something that proved her innocence. One night, about the time of the mission church's great annual festivity, she had had a delicious dream that her husband had come to her.

At that the sullen face of her husband lit up and he said to the District Officer: "O.K., Master; now I too remember that about the time of the feast I dreamed that I visited her. The thing's clear!" Thereupon the young couple removed themselves, to the obvious relief of the father-in-law, who had been expecting to find himself the poorer by a sucking-pig or a few hens.

Lured By Wicked Spirit

Another father-in-law at the same assembly did not get off so lightly, but then his daughter was not so talented. One of the older men had noticed his youngest wife sneaking out of the hut at night and had determined that on the next occasion he would see what she was up to. So, one evening, he pretended to fall asleep early and was able to creep out after the truant. He found that she crawled into a bachelor's hut!

The woman told the District Officer that that was all quite correct, but asserted most vigorously that she had not wanted to go to the young man at all, but had been dragged to him forcibly by a spirit. Indeed, she had put up as stout a resistance as she could, but the spirit had been too powerful for her!

The District Officer asked her how often this wicked spirit had hauled her off to the young man; and told her to give the tally of her falls from grace using her fingers and, if need be, also her toes—there being no numerals in the natives' language. Smiling, the girl went into her family's hut and returned with a long bast string covered with knots!

In such cases, the matter is over and done with as soon as the fine has been paid. Even supposing you could manage to explain the idea of divorce for infidelity to a Papuan, he would undoubtedly consider such a procedure ludicrous and the height of intolerance on the part of the unpractical whites. And unpractical in the highest degree is what he does consider us, despite all our wonderful implements.

On several occasions when we were talking together, my boy said: "Why eat with forks, when it's easier with your fingers? Why wash? Why work, when there is plenty of food? Why collect and take about with you a mass of useless things? Why use paper, which is most suited for making ornaments and especially for rolling cigarettes, for the most elementary purposes, when there is plenty of grass and leaves? And why impose on oneself such an unpractical arrangement as having only one wife? Not even the animals are so badly off!"

Before the influence of the authorities reached the Wahgi Valley, a man's wives were always killed when he died. Nowadays this is severely punished, if the District Officer happens to hear of it; but often he does not, for no one will breathe a word about it if, as frequently happens, the widows in their despair beg to be allowed to follow their lord and master to the grave.

Such requests may be due in part to their belief that the husband is now helpless and needs them for his plantations, to prepare his food and care for him in his new existence, and in part, perhaps, because they are afraid of the hard lot of the older lone woman. They inherit nothing; everything goes to the sons, and the sons' wives may not be so easy to live with.

The cannibal tribes with which I later came in contact had, by and large, the same conceptions about spirits and their activities as these more peaceable tribes in the Wahgi Valley. The cannibals thought that it was possible to acquire a fallen warrior's spiritual qualities, his courage or cunning, by eating his heart and liver.

False Teeth Scared Them

In a number of their tribes they ate not only fallen enemies but also their own deceased relations, no matter of what they died. An enemy's bones were thrown away, but those of relatives were often preserved nearby the dwelling.

Whenever a Papuan first made close acquaintance with an aeroplane, or the jeep which was on the experimental farm, he was always highly curious and would finger everything, but without showing the slightest sign of fear. Down on the coast they considered an aeroplane an ingenious kind of boat that was able to fly, and farther inland, where they have never seen a mechanically propelled vehicle, they think that it is an ingenious bird that the whites have made.

Yet, when Sir Edward Hallstrom once spoke to several tribes who had gathered to meet "the big white Master" in Nondugl and, as a joke, took out his false teeth, they all fled in wild terror, and it was a long while before they dared come back. Evidently that had overstepped the boundary between the worlds of the mechanical and the supernatural.

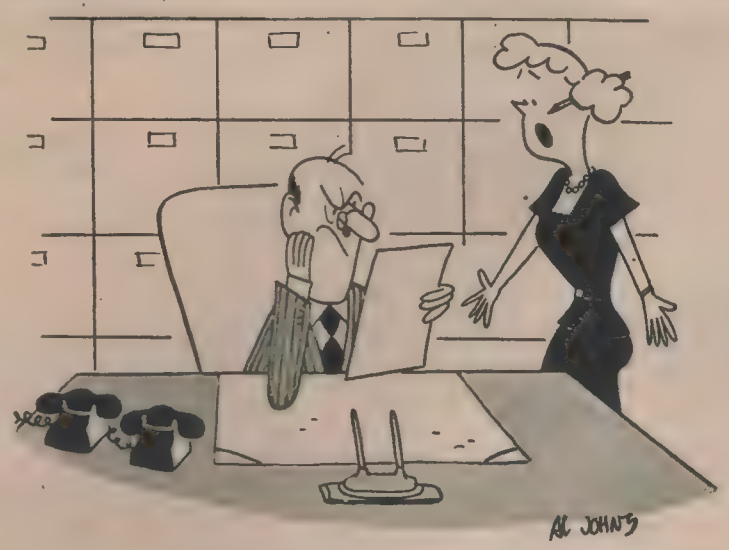
On my first Sunday I went to the

JOAN GREENWOOD

the wayward star

DOODLING on TV, choosing parts for fun, revelling in her affectionate nickname of "Crackers," Joan Greenwood is a free-lance star who cannot be fitted into any conventional mould. Norman Phillips's lively circuses - to - Shakespeare story of her life will appear . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



"Well, naturally, if you *look* for mistakes you'll find some!"

mission church. Father Heinrich, the Catholic missionary, I had already met in the evenings at the Bloods, and had asked him endless questions about his work.

It was a curious experience here in the wilds to hear the little bell ringing and to see groups of black naked people, decked with wonderful ornaments, come walking down the various paths towards the little church with its roof of grass.

The church held about three hundred, and when high mass began it was crowded with natives—men to the right, women and children to the left of the central aisle—sitting crouched on poles placed a hand's-breadth from the floor which served as pews. The smell was rather overpowering, and the differently pitched cries of the infants an unusual sound to hear in church, but there was no criticism to be made of the attention and reverence shown by the congregation.

Olga Blood and I had a chair each on the altar platform. The altar picture represented the Virgin Mary with the child Jesus, surrounded by little angels—some of whom were white, others black. The ceremony was exactly the same as in all Catholic churches the world over. Two black choirboys in white shirts with red collars swung the censers and assisted Father Heinrich.

Baptizing The Babies

The sermon was delivered in pidgin English, which many of the natives were beginning to understand. I shall never forget the opening words: "Kanakas, Jesus Christ, big fellow master to you, and His mam, Maria immaculata——"

After mass a number of babies were baptized and their names entered in a book, the beginnings of a primitive church register. Before the ceremony each child's parents—these are often not baptized themselves but consider it a good thing for the child's future—gave an undertaking that their child should receive instruction from Father Heinrich.

Many older Papuans were frequent attenders at church and even kept coming for instruction in Christianity, yet they would not allow themselves to be baptized because they could not accept the condition of monogamy.

Polygamy is after all the basis of the Papuan's primitive economy, and even if individuals might have been able to manage with one wife, they did not want to expose the others, who had shared their lives for so many years, to the deplorable fate of the solitary older woman.

Not far from the mission there lived an elderly chief, who was fully instructed in the fundamentals of the Christian doctrine and declared himself to hold it as his faith. Once, when Father Heinrich asked him why he refused to let himself be baptized, he answered: "I will not send away two of my wives in their old age; that would be ungrateful to them after all the years they have worked for me. But I promise you, Father, that when I feel that I am about to die, then I will send two of them away and immediately send word to you so that I may be baptized and go to heaven."

There were also some who came to be baptized declaring themselves willing to bow to the requirement of one wife only. This noble decision, however, always came to grief on Father Heinrich's insistence that the first and oldest wife must be the one kept; it seemed that his proselytes all wanted to retain the youngest.

Village Police-boys

In the controlled areas, which now include the Wahgi Valley, the aim of the authorities is to prepare the way for re-educating the adults for more peaceful occupations and a more healthy communal life, as well as for educating the young—not, as used to be the case down by the coast, to provide cheap labour for the whites—but so that they may become independent agriculturalists.

The first thing the District Officers have to do is to inculcate a different conception of justice and respect for the white man's laws. Suitable youths are selected and sent to police schools down by the coast, where they receive two years' training as police-boys. After a short period of service with a police company they are sent back to their villages, where they occupy paid positions as local representatives of the District Officer.

They appear to enjoy great respect among their fellow tribesmen and are suitably equipped to maintain the dignity of the post, with a uniform consisting of a hat with a gleaming badge, jacket and shorts with red facings, white webbing belt and bayonet holder, baton and rifle. The mere fact of being allowed to carry and use firearms—strictly forbidden to all others—makes them a privileged caste; and, as at the police schools they even learn to read pidgin English and so are able to translate and read out the official proclamations, they are also regarded as men of exceptional learning.

White Man's Justice

The police-boys are responsible for seeing that the guest-houses used by visiting officials are kept in good order. In front of each guest-house there is always a large open space with a flagpole in the centre. Here the Australian flag is hoisted whenever the tribe assembles to treat with the District Officer.

At these assemblies, which often last for several days, justice is dispensed and punishment meted out. Collective misdemeanours are often dealt with by "fining" the village a certain quantity of work on the roads.

If a really serious crime has been

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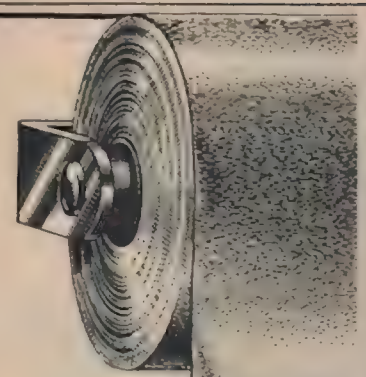

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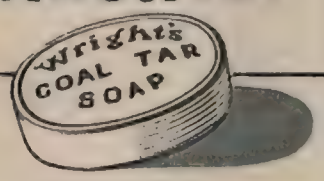

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committed and the District Officer cannot discover those responsible, or if two tribes will not allow themselves to be persuaded to put an end to a feud over which blood is being shed, a punitive expedition is dispatched from one of the police companies garrisoned along the coast.

The last punitive expedition of any size took place after a horse belonging to a mission station died and was buried in a nearby grove. The next day the missionary received a visit from a certain tribe, who earnestly begged to be allowed to dig up the horse and take it away.

As the missionary appreciated that the natives had asked permission and had not dug up the body—which after all was buried in "no-man's-land"—without so much as a by-your-leave, he gave his permission. However, when the natives came to the grove they discovered to their great indignation that a neighbouring tribe had been there ahead of them and had presumably already feasted well on horseflesh.

A protracted and bloody feud broke out between the two tribes, and when the District Officer arrived and found that they would not obey him, he sent a wireless message for police reinforcements, which arrived by aeroplane; within a short time order was restored.

Test For Leprosy

Whenever an assembly is held the opportunity is taken of making a sanitary inspection of the village and of seeing to its sick. A District Officer is, therefore, usually accompanied by a doctor or medical orderly with some native assistants. The latter are selected like the police-boys, one or two from each village, and receive a year's training in some hospital nearer the coast. Some are then appointed to permanent posts in their villages as resident medical boys and give injections and treat minor ailments.

The Health Department in Port Moresby also sends out regular so-called sanitary patrols, which remain in each village for a certain length of time. It is particularly important to discover symptoms of leprosy early and to get the stricken person sent to some native hospital as quickly as possible, for nowadays this disease can be cured if taken in time.

I myself once witnessed Olga Blood identifying leprosy in a new house-boy. One day she drew my attention to a grey-white spot he had on his back, and offered to show me how she tested whether it was leprosy or not.

She ordered the boy to turn his back to her and to stand still. Then she set her glowing cigarette-end against the spot on his back. It caused an immediate deep burn, but the boy felt nothing. It was a clear case, and the next morning the boy was sent with a letter to the nearest hospital, which was quite close to Nondugl.

The Language Barrier

When I was there, the Education Department in Port Moresby still had no teaching staff to educate the rising generation or to give rudimentary instruction in the art of reading. These activities were confined to the mission stations and were carried on under extraordinarily difficult circumstances.

One and a half million natives estimated to live in these wilds speak about one hundred different languages, of which not one is like the other. The peoples of villages that are really at no great distance from each other speak different dialects, and where the distance between villages is one of several days' march, the two peoples are scarcely able to understand one another. Hundreds of these tribes have, perhaps for thousands of years, been living isolated lives in constant fear of their neighbours.

The only way of gradually overcoming these difficulties is to teach them a second common language, and this is slowly being done; the language taught is, in certain areas, including the Wahgi Valley, pidgin English; elsewhere other *lingua francas* are used.

The day when the expedition was to start was drawing near. The preceding week was one of feverish activity, packing all the things the hundred or so porters were to carry. There were some forty loads which were lashed with bast rope to long carrying-poles. Each load would be carried as a rule by two men, but the poles were long enough for four men to be able to take them on their shoulders on difficult ground. A litter that could be carried by four to eight men had been prepared for Sir Edward.

Last Minute Casualty

A few days before the start, the Governor, Colonel Murray, arrived at Nondugl by air with some members of his staff to wish us a successful trip in unexplored territory and to get a rough idea of our intended route, so that the authorities might have some idea where to find us if it should become necessary to send help by air.

The day following their visit Sir Edward fell ill, and the doctor advised him most strongly against going off into the wilds. Thus, he was forced to fly back to Sydney, where, as we heard later, he was found to be in need of protracted treatment.

It was on one of the last evenings, when Ned Blood was showing me the line of the first days' marches on an aerial map, that Olga Blood made her proposal, or rather delivered her ultimatum. She, who had spent all her life in the tropics, including many years in Nondugl, had, despite several promises, never yet been allowed to accompany her husband on his expeditions outside the Wahgi Valley.

Why should not she, who was so wholly accustomed to life in the wilds, go with us now in the empty litter? After all, she had been a nurse during the war and her services might come in useful. And, besides, when the expedition included a European who was not accustomed to the food, a little expert supervision of the cooks' efforts would be no bad thing.

At first Ned Blood raised objections. What, he asked, did she intend to do with little Susanne? Take her in another litter, was the answer. In the end her husband capitulated, and a second smaller litter, with roof and mosquito-net, was made for their little daughter.

Apart from the essential supply of Paludrine—two tablets a day was what they advised me to take—it was most important to have a bottle of a kind of D.D.T. oil with which to smear our shoes and stockings or leggings each morning. This was because the forests swarmed with a loathsome kind of little maggot that hatches out on the paths in the animals' droppings, and which but for that oil would creep up over one's shoes or in through the eyelet holes and then eat through stocking and skin and lay their eggs in one's flesh.

The barefooted porters had a lot of trouble with these pests, which ate into the skin between their toes. They had to be cut out with a knife and during the expedition I often saw on the paths smears of blood resulting from these small operations.

We had two small two-man tents and one large tent made entirely of strong mosquito-netting, which took a table and chairs. In this, in the evenings, we were able to eat our dinner in peace, undisturbed by the millions of insects which buzzed and whirred outside, and to prepare our specimens. Since we were also to collect beetles and moths, such a tent was invaluable, as the lamps attracted swarms of insects which settled on the outer wall, where they were easily caught.

Plenty Of Medicines

The currency with which we were to pay our way consisted of cases of large and small shells and salt. We took far more medicines and bandages in the first-aid chests than we ever expected to need, but Ned Blood knew from experience that the best way of establishing good relations with savages is to help their sick.

I also took with me, as presents, axes and knives, as well as some steel bows that I had brought from Sweden. These steel bows had already caused a sensation among the natives in Nondugl. Their own wooden bows were anything but precision weapons and, therefore, they never fired just a single arrow at their game, but the whole group of hunters loosed a swarm of arrows at whatever it was. The accuracy of my steel bows had left them open-mouthed.

Next week's series instalment describes how the Papuan tribesmen court their women. Alfred Vogel's story will be published on June 26 by Arthur Barker Ltd., under the title "Papuans and Pygmies," at 16s.

DOWN YOUR GARDEN

with RICHARD DIMBLEBY

Easy-to-make cloche

I MADE a cheap and efficient cloche with two sheets of glass and a strip of zinc, 10 in. by 2 in., bent with pliers as shown in the sketch. Brass, copper or aluminium can also be used. If these cloches are lifted by the clip ends and pressed an inch into the soil, the glass pieces become quite rigid.—E. SHAW, Cottingham, East Yorkshire.

Substitute for garden roller

One of the many who have not got a garden roller, I obtained the end board from an orange box, stood my garden rake in the centre and screwed an inch-thick strip of wood across the teeth to hold it firm. This made an excellent pummel for flattening and levelling after sowing the bare patches on my lawn.—F. LEWIS, Dartford, Kent.

Grass scarecrow

For some reason birds don't like long, coarse grass. So, as I have no nets, I protect my peas by sprinkling grass over the rows criss-cross as soon as shoots appear. As the grass is spread thinly, the shoots get all the light and air they need. The grass can be taken off when the plants are well established.—MRS. P. MACNAB, Birmingham, 31.

AFTER THE FUNERAL

Continued from page 19

wasn't—oh, I don't know. I can't remember, and it wasn't important."

"But why cannot you remember? Because something else put it out of your head? Something more important?"

"Yes—yes—I think you're right there. It was the mention of murder, I suppose. That swept away everything else."

"It was, perhaps, the reaction of some particular person to the word 'murder'?"

"Perhaps. . . . But I don't remember looking at anyone in particular. We were all staring at Cora."

"It may have been something you heard—something dropped perhaps, or broken. . . ."

Helen frowned in an effort of remembrance. "No, I don't think so. . . ."

"Ah, well. Some day it will come back. And it may be of no consequence. Now, tell me, madame, Mrs. Timothy Abernethie stayed the night after the funeral, I believe. Did she talk to you at all about what Cora had said?"

"Yes, she said it was outrageous and just like Cora."

"She didn't take it seriously?"

"Oh, no. No. I'm sure she didn't, . . ."

The second "No," Poirot thought, had sounded suddenly doubtful.

"And you, madame. Did you take it seriously?"

Helen Abernethie, her eyes looking very blue and strangely young under the sideways sweep of crisp grey hair, said thoughtfully: "Yes, M. Poirot, I think I did."

"Because of your feeling that something was wrong?"

"Perhaps."

He waited. But as she said nothing more, he went on: "There had been an estrangement, lasting many years, between Mrs. Lansquenet and her family?"

"Yes. None of us liked her husband, and she was offended about it, and so the estrangement grew."

"And then, suddenly, your brother-in-law went to see her. Why?"

"I don't know. I suppose he knew, or guessed, that he hadn't very long to live and wanted to be reconciled. But I really don't know."

"He didn't tell you?"

"Tell *me*?"

"Yes. You were here, staying with him, just before he went there. He didn't even mention his intention to you?"

He thought a slight reserve came into her manner.

"He told me that he was going to see his brother Timothy—which he did. He never mentioned Cora at all. Shall we go in? It must be nearly lunch-time."

She walked beside him, carrying the flowers she had picked.

As they went in by the side door, Poirot said: "You are sure, quite sure, that during your visit, Mr. Abernethie said nothing to you about any member of the family which might be relevant?"

They entered the green drawing-room. Helen said with a sigh: "Richard was disappointed in the younger generation. Old men usually are. He disparaged them in various ways, but there was nothing—*nothing*, do you understand—that could possibly suggest a motive for murder."

"Ah," said Poirot. She reached for a Chinese bowl and began to arrange the roses in it. When they were disposed to her satisfaction, she looked round for a place to put it.

"You arrange flowers admirably, madame," said Hercule. "I think that anything you undertook you would manage to do with perfection."

"Thank you. I am fond of flowers. I think this would look well on that green malachite table."

There was a bouquet of wax flowers under a glass shade on the malachite table. As she was lifting it off, Poirot said casually:

"Did anyone tell Mr. Abernethie that his niece Susan's husband had come near to poisoning a customer when making up a prescription? Ah—*pardon*!"

He sprang forward.

The Victorian ornament had slipped from Helen's fingers. Poirot was not quick enough. It dropped on the floor and the glass shade broke. Helen gave an expression of annoyance.

"How careless of me. However, the flowers are not damaged. I can get a new glass shade made for it. I'll put it away in the big cupboard under the stairs."

It was not until Poirot had helped her lift it on to a shelf in the dark cupboard and followed her back to the drawing-room that he said: "It was my fault. I should not have startled you."

"What was it that you asked me? I have forgotten."

"Oh, there is no need to repeat my question. Indeed—I have forgotten what it was."

Helen came up to him. She laid her hand on his arm.

"M. Poirot, is there anyone whose life would really bear close investigation? *Must* people's lives be dragged into this when they have nothing to do with—with——"

"With the death of Cora Lansquenet? Yes. Because one has to examine *everything*. Oh! It is true enough—it is an old maxim—*everyone has something to hide*. It is true of all of us—it is perhaps true of you, too, madame. But I say to you, nothing can be ignored. That is why your friend, Mr. Entwhistle, has come to me. For I am not the police. I am discreet and what I learn does not concern me. But I have to *know*. And since in this matter is not so much *evidence* as *people*—then it is *people* with whom I occupy myself. I need, madame, to meet everyone who was here on the day of the funeral. And it would be a great convenience—yes, and it would be strategically satisfactory—if I could meet them *here*."

"I'm afraid," Helen said slowly, "that that would be too difficult——"

"Not so difficult as you think. Already I have devised a means. The house, it is sold—and so Mr. Entwhistle will declare. *Entendu*, sometimes these things fall through! He will invite the various members of the family to assemble here and to choose what they will from the furnishings before it is all put up to auction. A suitable weekend can be selected for that purpose. You see, it is easy, is it not?"

Helen looked at him. The blue eyes were cold—almost frosty. "Are you laying a trap for someone, M. Poirot?"

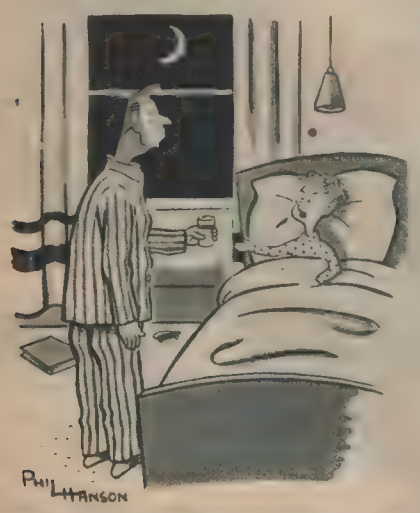
"Alas! I wish I knew enough. No, I have still the open mind. There may," he added thoughtfully, "be certain tests. . . ."

"Tests? What kind of tests?"

"I have not yet formulated them to myself. And in any case, madame, it would be better that you should not know them."

"So that I can be tested, too?"

"You, madame, have been taken behind the scenes. Now there is one thing that is doubtful. The young people will, I think, come readily. But



"Now can I have my water pistol?"

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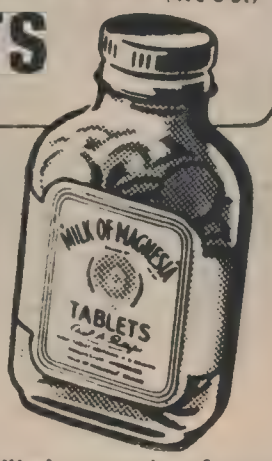

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it may be difficult, may it not, to secure the presence here of Mr. Timothy Abernethie. I hear that he never leaves home."

Helen smiled suddenly.

"I believe you may be lucky there, M. Poirot. I heard from Maude yesterday. The workmen are in painting the house and Timothy is suffering terribly from the smell of the paint. He says that it is seriously affecting his health. I think that he and Maude would both be pleased to come here—perhaps for a week or two. Maude is still not able to get about very well—you know she broke her ankle?"

"I had not heard. How unfortunate."

"Luckily they have got Cora's companion, Miss Gilchrist. It seems that she has turned out a perfect treasure."

"What is that?" Poirot turned sharply on Helen. "Did *they* ask for Miss Gilchrist to go to them? Who suggested it?"

"I think Susan fixed it up. Susan Banks."

"Aha," said Poirot in a curious voice. "So it was the little Susan who suggested it. Did you hear that Miss Gilchrist had a narrow escape from death with a piece of poisoned wedding cake?"

"No!" Helen looked startled. "I do remember now that Maude said over the telephone that Miss Gilchrist had just come out of hospital, but I'd no idea why she had been in hospital. Poisoned? But, M. Poirot—*why*?"

"Do you really ask that?"

Helen said with sudden vehemence: "Oh! Get them all here! Find out the truth! There mustn't be any more murders."

"So you will co-operate?"

"Yes—I will co-operate."

MISS GILCHRIST looked appraisingly around the kitchen. "That linoleum does look nice, Mrs. Jones. What a hand you have with lino. The teapot's on the kitchen table, so go and help yourself. I'll be there as soon as I've taken up Mr. Abernethie's elevenses."

Miss Gilchrist trotted up the staircase, carrying a daintily set out tray. She tapped on Timothy's door, interpreted a growl from within as an invitation to enter, and tripped briskly in.

"Morning coffee and biscuits, Mr. Abernethie. I do hope you're feeling brighter today. Such a lovely day."

Timothy grunted and said suspiciously: "Is there skim on that milk?"

"Oh no, Mr. Abernethie. I took it off very carefully, and anyway I've brought up the little strainer in case it should form again. Some people like it, you know, they say it's the *cream*—and so it is really."

"Idiots!" said Timothy. "What kind of biscuits are those?"

"They're those nice digestive biscuits."

"Digestive tripe. Ginger nuts are the only biscuits worth eating."

"I'm afraid the grocer hadn't got any this week. But these are really very nice. You try them and see."

"I know what they're like, thank you. Leave those curtains alone, can't you?"

"I thought you might like a little sunshine. It's such a nice sunny day."

"I want the room kept dark. My head's terrible. It's this paint. I've always been sensitive to paint. It's poisoning me."

Miss Gilchrist sniffed experimentally and said brightly: "One really can't smell it much in here. The workmen are over on the other side."

"You're not sensitive like I am. Must I have *all* the books I'm reading taken out of my reach?"

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Abernethie. I didn't know you were reading all of them."

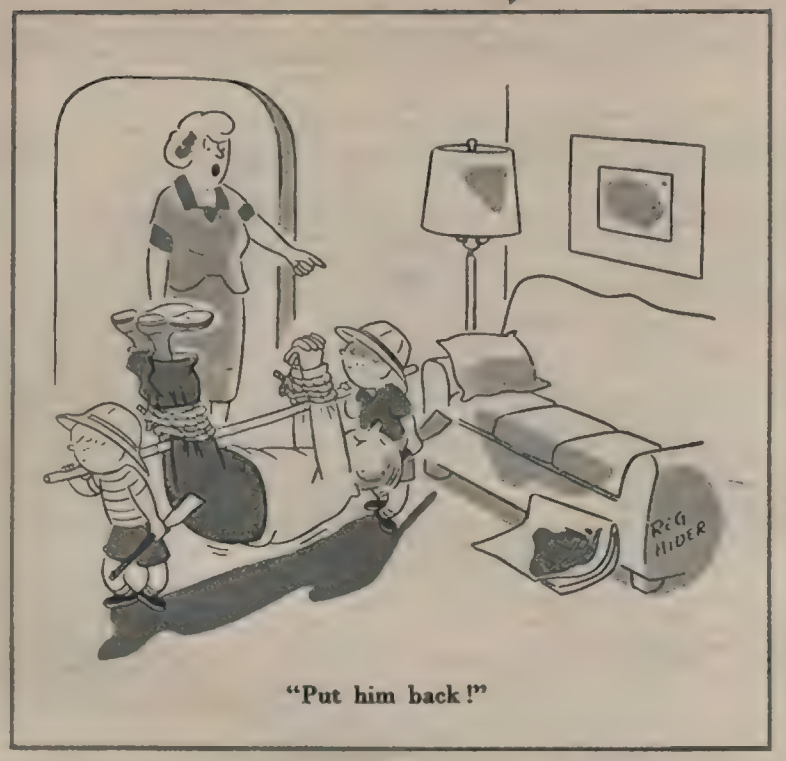
"Where's my wife? I haven't seen her for over an hour."

"Mrs. Abernethie's resting on the sofa."

"Tell her to come and rest up here."

"I'll tell her, Mr. Abernethie. But she may have dropped off to sleep. Shall we say in about a quarter of an hour?"

"No, tell her I want her now. Don't



"Put him back!"

monkey with that rug. It's arranged the way I like it."

"I'm so sorry. I thought it was slipping off the far side."

"I like it slipping off. Go and get Maude. I want her."

Miss Gilchrist departed downstairs and tiptoed into the drawing-room where Maude was sitting with her leg up reading a novel.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Abernethie," she said apologetically. "Mr. Abernethie is asking for you."

Maude thrust aside her novel with a guilty expression. "Oh dear," she said, "I'll go up at once." She reached for her stick.

Timothy burst out as soon as his wife entered the room: "So there you are at last!"

"I'm sorry, dear, I didn't know you wanted me."

"That woman you've got into the house will drive me mad. Twittering and fluttering round like a demented hen. Treats me as though I was a confounded kid! It's maddening."

"I'm sure it must be. But please, *please*, Timothy, do try not to be rude to her. I'm really very helpless still—and you say yourself she cooks well."

"Her cooking's all right," Mr. Abernethie admitted grudgingly. "Yes, she's a decent enough cook. But keep her in the kitchen, that's all I ask. Don't let her come fussing round me."

"No, dear, of course not. How are you feeling?"

"Not at all well. I think you'd better send for Barton to come and have a look at me. This paint affects my heart. And this coffee's cold," went on the invalid, looking with distaste at the cup which he had not yet tasted. "Why can't I ever get a cup of really hot coffee?"

"I'll take it down and warm it up."

IN the kitchen Miss Gilchrist was drinking tea and conversing affably, though with slight condescension, with Mrs. Jones, the daily help.

"I'm so anxious to spare Mrs. Abernethie all I can," she said. "All this running up and down stairs is so painful for her."

"Waits on him hand and foot, she does," said Mrs. Jones, stirring the sugar in her cup.

"It's very sad him being such an invalid."

"Not such an invalid either," Mrs. Jones said darkly. "Suits him very well to lie up and ring bells and have trays brought up and down. But he's well able to get up and go about. Even seen him out in the village, I have, when *she's* away. Walking as hearty as you please. Anything he *really* needs—like his tobacco or a stamp—he can come and get. And that's why, when *she* was off at that funeral and got held up on the way back, and *he* told me I'd got to come in and stay the night again, I refused. 'I'm sorry, sir,' I said, 'but I've got my husband to think of. Going out to oblige in the mornings is all very well, but I've got to be there to see to him when he comes back from work.' Nor I wouldn't budge, I wouldn't. Do him good, I thought, to get about the house and look after himself for once. Might make him see what a lot he gets done for him. So I stood firm, I did. He didn't half create."

Mrs. Jones drew a deep breath and took a long, satisfying drink of sweet inky tea. "I'll give the kitchen floor a nice scrub down and then I'll be getting along. The potatoes is all ready peeled, dear—they're over by the sink."

Though slightly affronted by the "dear," Miss Gilchrist was appreciative of the good will which had divested an enormous quantity of potatoes of their outer coverings.

Before she could say anything the telephone rang and she hurried out in the hall to answer it.

Maude Abernethie appeared at the top of the stairs, while Miss Gilchrist was still speaking. The latter looked up and said: "It's Mrs.—Leo—is it? —Abernethie speaking."

"Tell her I'm just coming." Maude descended the stairs slowly and painfully.

Miss Gilchrist murmured: "I'm so sorry you've had to come down again, Mrs. Abernethie. Has Mr. Abernethie finished his elevenses? I'll just nip up and get the tray." She left Maude to the telephone.

The invalid received Miss Gilchrist with a baleful glare. As she picked up the tray he asked fretfully: "Who's that on the telephone?"

"Mrs. Leo Abernethie."

"Oh? Suppose they'll go gossiping for about an hour. Women have no sense of time when they get on the phone. Never think of the money they're wasting."

Miss Gilchrist said brightly that it would be Mrs. Leo who had to pay, and Timothy grunted.

"Just pull that curtain aside, will you? No, not that one, the *other* one. I don't want the light slap in my eyes. That's better. No reason because I'm an invalid that I should have to sit in the dark all day. And you might look in that bookcase over there for a green—what's the matter now? What are you rushing off for?"

"It's the front door, Mr. Abernethie."

"*I* didn't hear anything. You've got that woman downstairs, haven't you? Let her go and answer it."

"Yes, Mr. Abernethie. What was the book you wanted me to find?"

The invalid closed his eyes.

"I can't remember now. You've put it out of my head. You'd better go."

Miss Gilchrist seized the tray and hurriedly departed. Putting the tray on the pantry table, she hurried into the front hall, passing Mrs. Abernethie, who was still at the telephone.

She returned in a moment to say in a muted voice: "I'm so sorry to interrupt. It's a nun. Collecting. The Heart of Mary Fund, I think she said. She has a book. Half a crown or five shillings most people seem to have given."

Maude Abernethie said: "Just a moment, Helen," and looked up sharply from the telephone. To Miss Gilchrist, she said: "I don't subscribe to Roman Catholics. We have our own Church charities."

Miss Gilchrist hurried away again, looking, it seemed to Maude, unaccountably upset.

AFTER a few minutes, Maude terminated her conversation with the phrase: "I'll talk to Timothy about it." She replaced the receiver and turned to see Miss Gilchrist standing quite still by the drawing-room door. She was frowning in a puzzled way and jumped when Maude Abernethie spoke to her.

"There's nothing the matter, is there, Miss Gilchrist?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Abernethie, I'm afraid I was just wool-gathering. So stupid of me when there's so much to be done."

Miss Gilchrist resumed her imitation of a busy ant and Maude Abernethie climbed the stairs slowly and painfully to her husband's room.

"That was Helen on the telephone. It seems that the place is definitely sold—some Institution for Foreign Refugees——"

She paused while Timothy expressed himself forcefully on the subject of foreign refugees, with side issues as to the house in which he had been born and brought up. "No decent standards left in this country. My old home! I can hardly bear to think of it."

Maude went on: "Helen quite appreciates what you—we—will feel about it. She suggests that we might like to come there for a visit before it goes. She was very distressed about your health and the way the painting is affecting it. She thought you might prefer coming to Enderby to going to an hotel. The servants are there still, so you could be looked after comfortably."

Timothy, whose mouth had been open in outraged protests half-way through this, had closed it again. His eyes had become suddenly shrewd. He now nodded his head approvingly.

"Thoughtful of Helen," he said. "Very thoughtful. I don't know, I'm sure. I'll have to think it over. . . . There's no doubt that this paint is poisoning me—there's arsenic in paint, I believe. I seem to have heard something of the kind. On the other hand the exertion of moving might be too much for me. It's difficult to know what would be best."

"Perhaps you'd prefer an hotel, dear," said Maude. "A good hotel is

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Live smoothly

THE ideal way to live is by reason, instead of by instinct and momentary passions. Though few manage to do this completely, all could consciously strive towards it.

The basic secret is consistent cheerfulness and kindliness. And this means much less blaming and judging of others, with the consequent uttering of harsh verdicts. Perhaps the simplest way to put it is: "Mind your own business and let others mind theirs."

by ROFFE THOMPSON

very expensive, but where your health is concerned——"

Timothy interrupted.

"I wish I could make you understand, Maude, that we *are not millionaires*. Why go to an hotel when Helen has very kindly suggested that we should go to Enderby? Not that it's really for her to suggest. The house isn't hers. I don't understand legal subtleties, but I presume it belongs to us equally until it's sold and the proceeds divided. Foreign refugees! It would have made my grandfather turn in his grave. Yes," he sighed, "I should like to see the old place again before I die."

Maude played her last card adroitly. "I understand that Mr. Entwhistle has suggested that the members of the family might like to choose certain pieces of furniture or china or something—before the contents are put up for auction."

Timothy heaved himself briskly upright.

"We must certainly go. There must be a very exact valuation of what is chosen by each person. Those men the girls have married—I wouldn't trust either of them from what I've heard. There might be some sharp practice. Helen is far too amiable. As head of the family, it is my duty to be present!"

He got up and walked up and down the room with a brisk, vigorous tread.

"Yes, it is an excellent plan. Write to Helen and accept. What I am really thinking about is you, my dear. It will be a nice rest and change for you. You have been doing far too much lately. The decorators can get on with the painting while we are away and that Gillespie woman can stay here and look after the house."

"Gilchrist," said Maude.

Timothy waved a hand and said that it was all the same.

MISS GILCHRIST said: "I can't do it." Maude looked at her in surprise. Miss Gilchrist was trembling. Her eyes looked pleadingly into Maude's.

"It's stupid of me, I know. . . . But I simply can't. Not stay here all alone in the house. If there was anyone who could come and—and sleep here, too?"

She looked hopefully at the other woman, but Maude shook her head. Maude Abernethie knew only too well how difficult it was to get anyone in the neighbourhood to "live in."

Miss Gilchrist went on, a kind of desperation in her voice: "I know you'll think it nervy and foolish—and I wouldn't have dreamed once that I'd ever feel like this. I've never been a nervous woman—or fanciful. But now it all seems different. I'd be terrified—yes, literally terrified—to be all alone here."

"Of course," said Maude. "It's stupid of me. After what happened at Lytchett St. Mary."

"I suppose that's it. . . . It's not logical, I know. And I didn't feel it at first. I didn't mind being alone in the cottage after—after it had happened. The feeling's grown up gradually. You'll have no opinion of me at all, Mrs. Abernethie, but even since I've been here I've been feeling it—*frightened*, you know. Not of anything in particular—but just *frightened*. It's so silly and I really am ashamed. It's just as though all the time I was expecting something awful to happen. . . . Even that nun coming to the door startled me. Oh, dear, I *am* in a bad way. . . ."

"I suppose it's what they call delayed shock," said Maude vaguely.

"Is it? I don't know. Oh, dear, I'm so sorry to appear so—so ungrateful, and after all your kindness——"

Maude soothed her. "We must think of some other arrangement," she said.

• • •

George Crossfield paused irresolutely for a moment as he watched a particular feminine back disappear through a doorway. Then he nodded to himself and went in pursuit.

The doorway in question was that of a double-fronted shop—a shop that had gone out of business. The plate-glass windows showed a disconcerting emptiness within. The door was closed, but George rapped on it sharply. A

vacuous-faced young man with spectacles opened it and stared at George.

"Excuse me," said George. "But I think my cousin just came in here."

The young man drew back and George walked in. "Hallo, Susan," he said.

Susan, who was standing on a packing case and using a foot-rule, turned her head in some surprise. "Hallo, George. Where did you spring from?"

"I saw your back. I was sure it was yours."

"How clever of you. I suppose backs are distinctive."

"Much more so than faces. Add a beard and pads in your cheeks and do a few things to your hair and nobody will know you when you come face to face with them—but beware of the moment when you walk away."

"I'll remember. Can you remember seven feet fifteen inches until I've got time to write it down?"

"Certainly. What's this, bookshelves?"

"No, cubicle space. Eight feet nineteen—and three twelve. . . ."

The young man with the spectacles, who had been fidgeting from one foot to the other, coughed apologetically. "Excuse me, Mrs. Banks, but if you want to be here for some time——"

"I do, rather," said Susan. "If you leave the keys, I'll lock the door and return them to the office when I go past. Will that be all right?"

"Yes, thank you. If it weren't that we're short staffed this morning. . . ."

Susan accepted the apologetic intent of the half-finished sentence and the young man left the shop.

"I'm glad we've got rid of him," said Susan. "House agents are a bother. They will keep talking just when I want to do sums."

"Ah," said George. "Murder in an empty shop. How exciting it would be for the passers-by to see the dead body of a beautiful woman displayed behind plate glass. How they would goggle. Like goldfish."

"There wouldn't be any reason for you to murder me, George."

"Well, I should get a fourth part of your share of our esteemed uncle's estate. If one were sufficiently fond of money that should be a reason."

SUSAN stopped taking measurements and turned to look at him. Her eyes opened a little. "You look a different person, George. It's really—extraordinary."

"Different? How different?"

"I don't know—just different."

She sat down on another packing case and lit a cigarette. "You must have wanted your share of old Richard's money pretty badly, George?"

"Nobody could honestly say that money isn't welcome these days." George's tone was light.

Susan said: "You were in a jam, weren't you?"

"Hardly your business, is it, Susan?"

"I was just interested."

"Are you going to rent this shop as a place of business?" he asked her.

"I'm buying the whole house."

"Nice to have the money, isn't it, Susan?"

There was a malicious tone in George's voice. But Susan merely took a deep breath and said: "As far as I'm concerned, it's wonderful. An answer to prayer."

"Does prayer kill off elderly relatives?"

Susan paid no attention. "This place is exactly *right*. To begin with, it's a very good piece of period architecture. I can make the living part upstairs something quite unique."

"What is this? A dress business?"

"No. Beauty culture. Herbal preparations. Face creams!"

"The full racket?"

"The racket as before. It pays. It always pays. What you need to put it over is personality. I can do it."

George looked at his cousin appreciatively. He admired the slanting planes of her face, the generous mouth, the radiant colouring. Altogether an unusual and vivid face. And he recognized in Susan that odd, indefinable quality, the quality of success.

"Yes," he said, "I think you've got what it takes, Susan. Have you had this in mind for a long time?"

"Over a year."

"Why didn't you put it up to old Richard? He might have staked you?"

"I did put it up to him."

"And he didn't see his way? I wonder why. I should have thought he'd have recognized the same mettle that he himself was made of."

• •

INTO George's mind there leapt a swift bird's-eye view of another figure. A thin, nervous, suspicious-eyed young man—Susan's husband.

"Where does—what's his name—Greg—come in on all this?" he asked. "He'll give up dishing out pills and powders, I take it?"

"Of course. There will be a laboratory built out at the back. We shall have our own formulas for face creams and beauty preparations."

George suppressed a grin. He wanted to say: "So baby is to have his playpen," but he did not say it. As a cousin he did not mind being spiteful, but he had an uneasy sense that Susan's feeling for her husband was a thing to be treated with care. It had all the qualities of a dangerous explosive.

He wondered, as he had wondered on the day of the funeral, about that queer fish, Gregory. Something odd about the fellow. So nondescript in appearance—and yet, in some way, not nondescript. . . . He looked again at Susan, calmly and radiantly triumphant.

"You've got the true Abernethie touch," he said. "The only one of the family who has. Pity as far as old Richard was concerned that you're a woman. If you'd been a boy, I bet he'd have left you the whole caboodle."

Susan said slowly: "Yes, I think he would. . . . Oh well. Anyway, things are going well now—all going according to plan."

As she said the words he was struck by the fact that they seemed particularly applicable to Susan. The idea made him, just for a moment, a shade uncomfortable. He didn't really like a woman who was so cold-bloodedly efficient.

Changing the subject, he said: "By the way, did you get a letter from Helen? About Enderby?"

"Yes, I did. Helen seemed to want us all together."

George laughed shrewdly. "Or somebody might choose a more valuable piece of furniture than somebody else?"

Susan laughed. "Oh, I suppose there is a proper valuation. I'd quite like to have a few relics of the founder of the family fortunes. Then I think it would be amusing to have one or two really absurd and charming specimens of the Victorian age in this place. There was a green malachite table in the drawing-room. You could build quite a colour scheme around it. You'll be there, I suppose?"

"Oh, I shall be there—to see fair play if nothing else. Rosamund will probably want your green malachite table for a stage set!"

Susan did not laugh. Instead she frowned. "Have you seen Rosamund lately?"

"I have not seen beautiful cousin Rosamund since we all came back third-class from the funeral."

"I've seen her once or twice. . . . She—she seemed rather odd——"

"Upset about coming into a lot of money and being able to put on some perfectly frightful play in which Michael can make an ass of himself?"

"Michael's good, you know. He can put himself across the footlights—or whatever the term is. He's not like Rosamund, who's just beautiful and ham."

"Poor beautiful ham Rosamund."

"All the same, Rosamund is not quite so dumb as one might think. She says things that are quite shrewd sometimes. Things that you wouldn't have imagined she'd even noticed. It's—it's quite disconcerting."

"Quite like our Aunt Cora——"

"Yes. . . ."

A MOMENTARY uneasiness descended on them both—conjured up, it seemed, by the mention of Cora Lansquenet.

Then George said, with a rather elaborate air of unconcern: "Talking of Cora—what about that companion woman of hers? I rather think something ought to be done about her."

"Done about her? What do you mean?"

"Well, it's up to the family, so to speak. I mean, I've been thinking. Cora was our aunt—and it occurred to me that this woman mayn't find it easy to get another post."

"That occurred to you, did it?"

"Yes. People are so careful of their skins. I don't say they'd actually think that this Gilchrist female would take a hatchet to them—but at the back of their minds they feel that it might be unlucky. People are superstitious."

"How odd that you should have thought of all that, George."

"Odd? What's odd about it? I think we might do something about the woman, give her a small allowance or something, to tide her over. I feel we ought to keep in touch with her."

"You needn't worry," said Susan. Her voice was dry and ironic. "I've seen to things. She's gone to Timothy and Maude."

George looked startled. "I say, Susan—is that wise?"

"It was the best thing I could think of—at the moment."

George looked at her curiously. "You're very sure of yourself, aren't you, Susan? You know what you're doing and you don't have—regrets."

Susan said lightly: "It's a waste of time—having regrets."

To be continued next week

THE HORSE WITH A ROVING EYE

Continued from page 14

shortly, shooting the words out of his straight little mouth.

"Regan has a beauty for thirty pounds," said my Uncle Henry. "Lovely coachwork and silver fittings."

"A goat cart would be better for that bag of bones."

I expected my Uncle Henry to spark at Septimus's insult but he said nothing. Then I saw his eyes were unseeing and I knew that in his poet's mind Hyperion was stepping out bravely, drawing the magnificent sulky behind him round the show ring; the old bloodhorse's black coat was flaming in the spring sun, his long tail streaming like a pennant, his hooves twinkling and his head soaring boldly.

REGAN arrived that afternoon with the splendid sulky. "Not much dust on her," he said as he climbed out. "I drove out slowly on account."

After some minutes while Regan and my Uncle Henry were poetical about the high varnishing, the silky springing, the feather-bed upholstery, the elegant wheels, the silver lamps and whip bucket, and the tangy-smelling silver-studded harness, the blacksmith departed, mounted uncomfortably on the harness horse that had brought such a treasure of a sulky.

My Uncle Henry, trembling with excitement, caught Hyperion and harnessed him. Then, reverently, he mounted the steps, seated himself, and flapped the reins delicately. Hyperion's left ear twitched and white flashed in the old stallion's eyes.

Uncle Henry tweaked the reins and slowly worked up to energetic jiggles that smacked the black horse on the rump. Hyperion's eyes became more white. But the big bloodhorse showed no inclination to move, and his long drooping underlip, for once, looked firm and full of character.

"Be a good fellow," said my Uncle Henry coaxingly. Uncle Henry's brown eyes were gently reproachful.

"Good fellow, be danged!" said Uncle Septimus, who always turned up at moments of crisis. "He's cantankerous and pig-headed. But what do you expect from a sixteen-year-old? Sour as old lemons and a Lothario, to boot!"

"Six years," said my Uncle Henry. "He's just a bit temperamental. But not sour, Septimus." My Uncle Henry waggled the reins hard and some dust rose off Hyperion's back. That was all that did move.

"Six leap years, perhaps," said Uncle Septimus.

This was an old but fruitful debate with Uncle Henry and Uncle Septimus. Uncle Henry had bought Hyperion at an auction as an alleged six-year-old. While they continued the argument now, my Uncle Henry kept flapping the reins and Uncle Septimus jigged from one foot to another like a boxer.

"Use your whip," he said.

"Whip be blowed!" said Uncle Henry indignantly. "On a future trophy winner!"

"Jibbers haven't any feeling—except on the rump," said Septimus.

After some tugging and heaving—during which the sulky moved ten feet backwards—Uncle Henry was persuaded to try harsher measures, and agreed to lighting a fire under Hyperion.

"Never knew it to fail yet," said Septimus, gathering up twigs and stacking them in a bundle under Hyperion.

"You're sure it won't hurt him?" asked Uncle Henry.

"Sure of it," said Septimus, bending down and putting a match to the twigs. "The first flick of the flames and he'll start. It always moves a jibber."

Uncle Septimus was right. First Hyperion's ears and then his nose twitched. He craned his neck and peered at the fire which was now blazing heartily. If I could read the expression on the long crocodile head and mouth, it was that he had experienced all this before. He gave the horse equivalent of a grunt, moved a distance of about six feet and stopped with the sulky right over Uncle Septimus's fire.

In the ensuing uproar, Hyperion was the only calm member of the company. Uncle Septimus tried to pull the sulky bodily away from the fire—its new paint was catching swiftly—while Uncle Henry tried to unharness the old bloodhorse. With some help from me, the sulky was at last detached and the flames put out with buckets of water. When we had finished, we looked at Hyperion. He was asleep.

"I've known a hot onion under his tail cure a jibber," said Uncle Septimus in a lemony voice.

"We won't try any more of your cures, Septimus," said my Uncle Henry, looking at the charred boards and paint of the sulky.

"Send the nag to the zoo, then," said my Uncle Septimus, and jogged off moodily to attend to his bees. Septimus had just lately taken to bee-keeping and his four hives were placed along the track among the gum trees that led out of my Uncle Henry's farm to the main road to Mundabilla. Septimus reckoned that was the best place for them because of the blossom of the gum trees.

He was busy there for perhaps ten minutes before he came back to where my Uncle Henry was looking sadly at his sulky.

"I'm sorry about that," said Uncle Septimus. "Let me dud in for the sulky."

"No, that's all right."

"Not a bit of it," said Uncle Septimus. "It was my idea and it didn't work."

They argued about it for five minutes and in the end Uncle Septimus had the better of it—he was to pay Uncle Henry £30 for the sulky and get it repaired for his own use.

"I still think I could win the Judge's Trophy with Hyperion," said Uncle Henry to my Aunt Lil that night at tea. "There's a way out, but I'm too stupid to see it."

Whatever my Aunt Lil thought, she managed to conceal it well.

THE way out came to my Uncle Henry half an hour later. He was looking at a picture of a buggy and pair in the local weekly paper.

"Got it, by jingo!" he exclaimed excitedly. "The black one goes well in double harness. A buggy and pair is what's needed. Put Hyperion and Gay Lady together and the Judge's Trophy is as good as won!"

He got up hurriedly from the table and went to the phone. "Got to get that bonser buggy before someone else snaffles it."

A wondering Regan delivered a handsome buggy at breakfast time the next morning. It was, if possible, a nobler piece of craftsmanship than the sulky. The light oak shone like water.

"You were lucky to get her," said Regan. "She's the last I had left. You want her for something special?"

"Could be," said my Uncle Henry in one of his rare uncommunicative moments.

"Nosey White was after her," said Regan. "Offered me sixty quid, twenty more than you're paying for her. He wanted it for the Judge's Trophy. I told him to stick the money."

Nosey White was our nearest neighbour, a lean, morose, dark-skinned

A QUEEN IS TO BE CROWNED

But, for lack of a wheel, her coach will not run. Only old Daniel Davies can solve the problem, for only he can make

A WHEEL FOR A QUEEN

Cledwyn Hughes's charming and tender story of a May Queen appears . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

...good thing he's got some Elastoplast in the house!

Cut neglected—cut infected? No! Not if you clean the wound at once, then protect it with one of the neat Elastoplast dressings that doctors use. But make sure it is *Elastoplast, from the red tin. Don't wait for an emergency —get a 9d. or 1/6d. tin from your chemist today and keep it handy.*

Waterproof gives protection from suds, dirty water, grease and oil

Fabric gives normal everyday protection for your cuts and grazes

man, shrewd and cunning in all his dealings.

"One in the eye for Nosey," said my Uncle Septimus.

Regan stayed for a quarter of an hour and then departed. He was barely out of sight before my Uncle Henry had Hyperion and the little bay filly, Gay Lady, harnessed in pair, with a swingle bar. He sat in the princely buggy and rippled the reins gently. Hyperion and Gay Lady stepped out in goodly style; their hooves flickered and the sunlight spun back off the spokes, as my Uncle Henry drove along the track, under the gum trees and past the white oblongs of Septimus's bee hives.

"A brain wave!" Septimus called back gaily. "I've always had faith in the stallion. No one can beat us."

My Uncle Henry bowled proudly down to the white gate that opened on to the main road to Mundabilla. There he wheeled his noble pair and came spanking back.

"Any other than that Romeo and Henry would win hands down," pronounced by Uncle Septimus. "That stallion looks good enough to win anything—but he only *looks* it. Mind you, I'm not saying that Henry hasn't found the solution this time but——"

My Uncle Henry came on in glory, bowling along under the gums, looking as smug as his generous heart would allow him. The buggy was only fifty yards away when Hyperion craned his long, sinewy neck and nibbled the little filly. She flung her neck to one side, squealing her dislike of Hyperion's attentions, making the buggy swerve. Hyperion, insensitive, pressed his suit. Gay Lady threw a kick. In a few seconds my Uncle Henry was being tugged along behind an energetic lovers' quarrel.

"Whoa! Whoa!" he cried. "Whoa!"

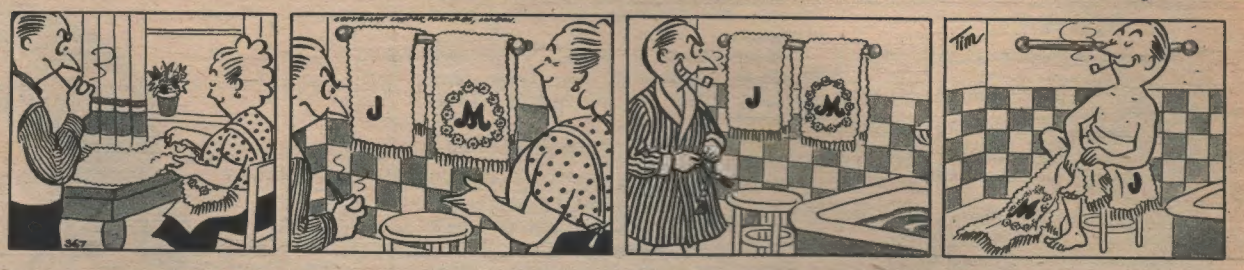
Hyperion and Gay Lady ignored him, lashing out at each other, biting and squealing with mounting rage. In the gaps between the squeals from the two horses a choleric buzzing started up and grew in volume. Dark streamers of bees took off and made fish-like darts through the air.

Hyperion bounded up in the air, screaming in pain and baring his long teeth, as the first sharp little barbs went home. Gay Lady protested, too. The harness gave way. The buggy shafts dropped down, steely hooves smashed first one shaft and then the other.

My Uncle Henry leapt out. Septimus ran forward to help. Hyperion's hooves broke the dashboard and then the flooring boards of the buggy.

Bravely, my Uncle Henry sidestepped through plunging shoulder and

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



fierce hooves, calling to the horses, slashing the harness with a pocket-knife.

Freed, Hyperion and Gay Lady, their tiff forgotten, galloped away to safety. My Uncle Henry followed, led by Uncle Septimus. They pulled up near our house. Uncle Henry had been stung in seven places on the face and arms, but Septimus went shrewdly to work with a pocket-knife and scraped the stings without bursting the poison bags.

"Bad luck, Henry," said Septimus. "You looked bonser at first, but that Lothario has no moral fibre. I'd call it off."

"There must be a way," said my Uncle Henry.

"There is," said my Uncle Septimus sourly. "Sell that Romeo to the Sydney Zoo. I wipe my hands of him."

My Uncle Henry went round with his eyes in sackcloth for half a day. Nosey White came over in the afternoon, took one look at the smashed buggy and drove away without speaking.

Towards sundown my Uncle Henry's faith in the unpredictable Hyperion asserted itself and he set to work repairing the buggy. He was engaged on this when Uncle Septimus happened along.

"Cutting your losses, I see," said Septimus.

"What do you mean?" asked my Uncle Henry, straightening his back.

"Well, it's a good buggy even if you can't enter for the Judge's Trophy. You can get sixty quid from Nosey White. I've just been told he's got a bet for two hundred quid that he'll win the Judge's Trophy and now he's scared his buggy isn't good enough. He'll give you sixty quid for the buggy."

"Nosey can keep his money," said my Uncle Henry. "I am entering for the Judge's Trophy myself."

Uncle Septimus was so startled he couldn't speak for half a minute. He made little choking noises before he got out: "Of all the dam' fools that ever lived, Henry, you are the worst." Then he turned and stumped away.

My Uncle Henry worked on the buggy for three days, making dashes into Mundabilla to bring home new shafts and other parts from Regan's blacksmith shop.

From time to time, Uncle Septimus would come and watch and shake his head. But on the evening of the fifth day, he didn't shake his head. There was a gleam of admiration in his eye.

"I've got it!" he said to me. "Henry's repairing that buggy so he can jack Nosey up for a bigger price. He's a smart fellow, your Uncle Henry."

On the sixth morning, on the eve of the Show, Nosey White drove up after breakfast in a sulky drawn by a sweat-lathered chestnut.

"Heard you have a buggy for sale," he said, and spat in the dust. He had a harsh, whining voice.

"You heard wrong," said my Uncle Henry.

"Thirty quid," said Nosey. "It'll never be much of a buggy after what that stallion of yours did to it."

My Uncle Henry went on working.

"Forty. That's my highest." Nosey waited. After a minute he resumed: "You drive a hard bargain. Fifty." He pinched the tip of his long nose. "Sixty—I'm not going any further." His voice got higher. "Seventy." Nosey sighed loudly. "Seventy. You can't win with that sour old stallion, but I can. Seventy. It's good money—do you want every penny I've got?"

"I can win," said my Uncle Henry. "And, now, if you don't mind, I've got a lot to do."

Nosey said what he thought and got into the sulky and drove away at a foolhardy pace.

"Smart work, Henry," said Uncle Septimus. "He had seventy with him. He's gone home for some more."

My uncle hesitated, as though about to speak, but instead got on with his work.

Nosey White came back in the afternoon and owned to having at least a hundred pounds with him. He took it home with him.

"Henry's smart, but he's playing it a bit too far," was Uncle Septimus's comment. "Nosey may come back and then again he mightn't. And why Henry wants to put any more sweat into that buggy is more than I can make out. Let Nosey do it."

My Uncle Henry seemed to work rather more sluggishly after Nosey's second visit and several times he sighed deeply. But he kept at it until midnight, when his task was completed and the buggy restored to its former goodly state. He stepped back to look at it, and muttered: "A hundred pounds is a lot of money, damn it. It's tempting."

Nosey White had not come back.

Shortly after sunrise on Show Day, my Uncle Henry gave the buggy a final, tender polish with a large silk square. Then he went over to the paddock and caught Hyperion and Gay Lady, while Uncle Septimus and I watched wonderingly.

My Uncle Henry was just finishing harnessing them when there was a shout along the track and then a rumble as Nosey White came up at full clip.

"I have to give it to you, Henry," said Septimus. "You can ask what you like."

"One hundred and thirty," Nosey shouted, sawing the sweating chestnut to a stop. "I've ruined myself, you Shylock!"

My Uncle Henry shook his head firmly.

"I'm entering myself," he said. He climbed into the buggy with as much of a swagger as his nature would allow.

My Uncle Septimus swore for five minutes. Uncle Henry heard him out; and then he merely flicked his reins. Hyperion pulled in his long drooping underlip, set his legs and showed the white of his eyes. Gay Lady in the same instant started to flirt with Hyperion.

"What did I tell you?" cried Uncle Septimus. "She's no better than he is. Take Nosey's money."

"One hundred and forty and that's

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When ordering, write your name and full postal address clearly in block letters. Do not send cash unless registered. Cross postal orders or cheques and keep the counterfoils

SEND TO THE MILL FOR YOUR WOOLS
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COMPARE THESE PRICES

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to leaks, holes, cracks
IN POTS & PANS
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LOY will do 1001 jobs, straight from the tube. Sets harder than lead. Stays put permanently. Withstands boiling water, oil or spirit. Completely hygienic—for Holt's all household metal repairs.
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DOUGLAS HOLT (Est. 1919) Ltd., (Dept. JB2)
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Horse and Drummer

Coronation Ties 7/6 each
Post and Packing 6d. extra.
OR 6 FOR 42/- POST FREE.
Not merely ties but wonderful souvenirs for this great occasion of our Gracious Queen's Coronation. Beautifully hand-painted on rich quality heavy Satin. All designs are obtainable in Coronation Blue and Regal Red.
Choose from:
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MOTHERS! *SAVE MONEY ON THIS* **CARRY-COT**
BUY DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS

YOURS FOR **10/-**
plus 2/- P. and P., and 4 fortnightly payments of 7/3.
CASH PRICE **35/-**
With detachable Hood and Apron, 10/- down plus 3/- P. and P. and 4 fortnightly payments of 11/3. Cash Price 49/11. *P. & P. 3/- ex.*
First quality Pram Cloth. Reinforced and stiffened sides and base. Completely foldable.
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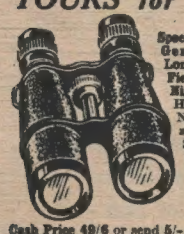
(Dept. J.B.), 4 Rickett Street, London, S.W.6

YOURS for 5/- Deposit



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EXAMPLE ROOM 10'x 9' **1/-** *Send for Samples (refundable)*

Width	18"	27"	36"	54"
Grade 1	9/11	14/11	19/11	29/6
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Grade 1 £9.16.8. Grade 2 £6.12.10
For fitted carpets, runners, surrounds, squares, slipmats, etc.

Modern hair and wool felted carpeting. Soft and luxurious to the feet, pleasing to the eye, it will last and wear well. Resilient, non-slip, sprayed rubber base, which is moth and damp resisting. Needs no stitching and no underfelt. Will not fray. Grade 1, Granted GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL OF GUARANTEE.
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SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER OF
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For a limited period, a Muraplas sample kit containing eighteen 6" x 6" Tiles, five feet of beading, and ½ Pint of adhesive, with fully illustrated instructions is offered for 22/6—post free; sufficient for a splash-back, etc. From address below or from your local retailer, stating colour scheme; blue, green, pink, cream, black, white.
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PRISMATIC BINOCULARS
CASH PRICE £10-10-0 *Sent for 39/6*
20 × 40. The most powerful Continental glasses made. Amazing clarity in definition. Centre focus and separate eye adjustment. A comfortable power to use. Day and night lenses. Size 7½ × 5½in., 21 ozs. Send for 39/6 monthly. Complete with case and slings. FREE LISTS other models.
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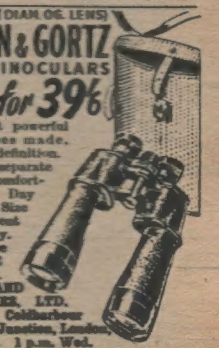


my top," said Nosey. "And for God's sake get out of my buggy before they wreck it again—you can take a bluff too far."

My Uncle Henry took a deep breath. "Bzzzzzzzzz," he said softly. Hyperion jolted into life. His bottom lip fell down into its normal pendulous droop. The little filly stiffened, put romance out of her mind, and stepped out.

My Uncle Henry drove regally down to the white gate in the noble buggy; Hyperion and Gay Lady went handsomely; the coachwork and the silver fittings threw back the sunlight, and my Uncle Henry waved gaily. He came back under the trees, past the white hives, and drew up.

Nosey White was leaving and wasn't able to speak until he was almost at the white gate, when he shouted something back. My Uncle Septimus must have felt, for once, that he had nothing appropriate to say. He stalked off and looked for something to busy himself with among his hives.

SEVEN hours later, my Uncle Henry, wearing his best Sunday suit, swept into the Mundabilla show ring in the shining buggy. While Uncle Septimus leant on the fence and alternately prophesied glorious success and the darkest disaster, the buggy flashed round the ring to a gale of applause. Nosey White, who had finished his rounds of the ring, lurked at Uncle Septimus's side. He pinched his nose until it grew white, but took hope from the more gloomy of my Uncle Septimus's predictions.

My Uncle Henry went his lambent way; the band played the Grand March from *Aida*; the peerless pair, Hyperion and Gay Lady, now awed my Uncle Septimus to silence. Then on the third circuit Hyperion, who had been looking straight ahead, started nibbling the filly's neck.

"Just as I said!" exclaimed my Uncle Septimus. The colour ran back into Nosey White's nose.

From where I sat I could see my Uncle Henry's lips purse. Suddenly Hyperion bounded straight up in the air and tried to bolt. My Uncle Henry pulled back hard on the reins and Hyperion fought the bit. For fifty yards the struggle ensued. Then Hyperion calmed and he and the little filly went nobly as before.

My Uncle Henry won the Judge's Trophy by a handsome margin. No one cheered more loudly than Uncle Septimus when Uncle Henry went up later to receive the great silver cup. And afterwards, with all the grace he could gather, he told Uncle Henry: "I'll keep my big mouth shut in future."

My Uncle Henry took his victory modestly. "I was lucky, though," he told us. "You saw what happened on the third circuit? I thought I was a goner when Hyperion bolted. I buzzed a bit too loud."

THE END

LIFE WITH FATHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 25. The boy is Andrew Ray, seen with his father Ted Ray, music hall and radio comic.

CORONATION SEATS for YOU and YOUR FAMILY!

PRIZES value over £1,000—THIS WEEK ONLY!

£500 "Bullets" 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS Family CORONATION VISIT

With your £500 cheque comes JOHN BULL's invitation covering free travel, London hotel accommodation and reserved seats for Coronation Procession in premises booked exclusively for *Bullets* guests. Television service by EKCO; chicken and champagne lunch by famous caterers, many surprise extras. Invitation covers you, your companion and one or two children (or grandchildren) of your own, aged 10 upwards—for nights of Monday, June 1, and CORONATION DAY, June 2. Return home Wednesday, June 3.

1,569 OTHER PRIZES: £50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6

2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 2-in-1 CORONATION SURPRISE SOUVENIRS, 1,500 "Use-as-you-choose" Prizes

"SEASONS" as BONUSES A *Bullets* Season Ticket accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

CASH AND CORONATION CAKES

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 834

2. May be reason for a person falling behind others
5. In great many cases men strike because of
8. Farmer's busy wife won't have as much time left to devote to these as her husband would like
10. Many people may be distrustful of Egypt's
11. Are often lightly and wisely dismissed by patient's doctor
12. Men who do such work are by no means always paid the most
13. How far one will go depends to some extent on its direction
14. Spy can't afford to make mistakes when using clever one

Down Clues

1. Pioneer might indicate route through forest by cutting this
3. Not worth a lot without a heart
4. Star tennis players are distinguished by their
6. It's serious when reserve doesn't make good this
7. Even such as are normally placid have their wild moments
9. A business-man hates to start the morning below this
10. It's common for a highly cultivated man not to enjoy a fine one

£100 XWORD 1st PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

among 1st Runners-up and up to

50 CORONATION CAKES

—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over—to be received shortly before Coronation Day.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES — one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 829 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Sills. 5, Shares. 7, Set. 10, Dun. 12, Bedding. 14, Sound. 15, Fetter. DOWN: 2, Lift. 3, Paste. 4, Herbs. 6, Rooks. 8, Pub. 9, Dagger. 11, Eight. 13, Cup.

THREE £100 SHARERS (entries differing at one point only from Competitors' Answers above): B. Derrick, 52 Cedars Road, St. Leonards, Exeter; W. T. Harding, Staff Kitchen, Buckingham Palace, S.W.1; J. G. Morley, 26 Richmond Cres., Highams Park, London, E.4. Winners also receive Coronation Cake.

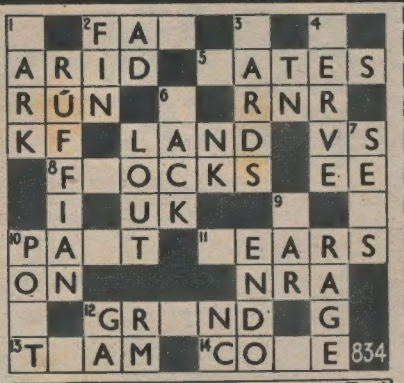
For entries differing at two points only, 23 entrants share awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up, each of them also receiving Coronation Cake. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

CORONATION CAKES EXCLUSIVELY for XWORDS

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 9.

Winner—Sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **834** Closing Postmark MON., APRIL 27

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Road To Prosperity
Lets Britain Down
Courage, The Conqueror
In The Kremlin Today
Close To Her Heart
Proud And Happy
Thanks To The Coronation
A Little Bit Off
Nest Of Intrigue
Makes You Think
Misfired
A Racket
Wiping Away A Tear
Sorely Tempted
Money Talks, But
Bob On A Horse
The New Squire
With A Periscope
Screeching
Shock For The Sergeant

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Too Many.....
Cursing The .....
If It Ever.....
With Auntie On The.....
Magnificently .....
The.....Of His Day

"Bullets" Winners 1,877

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Ideal Kitchen: Mrs. Wood, 10 High Street, Newport Pagnell, Bucks:

If We Have To Find More—Search *Me*!

£50: A. A. Browning, 22 Skardu Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2: TROUBLE IN THE CORRIDOR—DISTURBING—WAR "LIGHT SLEEPER."

£25: G. Boden, 52 Town Row, West Derby, Liverpool: TROUBLE IN THE ECONOMIC — STRUCTURE — THE *Clock-watcher* "BEETLE."

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. E. Wolfe, 93 Levett Gardens, Seven Kings: PROSPERITY'S CAKE — LIKE *Motherland* ONCE MADE? £9: W. Best, c/o 23 Cambridge Street, Wolverton, Bucks: SHIP IN DISTRESS—HOLLYWOOD'S — HOPING "DEPTH" *Saves*. £8: Mrs. M. Hobden, 74 Coronation Road, Sheerness: RUNNING THE HOME—PART-TIME—MAY PART "TEAM." £7: Mrs. L. Catoni, 50A Fore Street, Totnes: ON THE BOSS'S MAKING — "CAKE," — MY "BREAD" DEPENDS. £6: W. A. Condy, 68 Pommern Parade, Belfast: TROUBLE IN THE AIR—RUSSIANS SHOOTING OWN "DOVE"! £5: Miss A. Hunter, 4 Kendal Road, St. Annes-on-Sea: ON THE BOSS'S DESK—CIGARS—EXPECTING *Union* OFFICIAL! £5: Mrs. M. Whitlow, 3 Milner Road, Liverpool: TAXPAYER'S BUDGET—"SPEECH"—SAME OLD ADJECTIVES?

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated May 16, and in JOHN BULL dated May 23), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 9, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,882 result.)

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,882 (or Xword 834) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

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1,882 Closing Postmark MON., APRIL 27

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STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "Bulletin"

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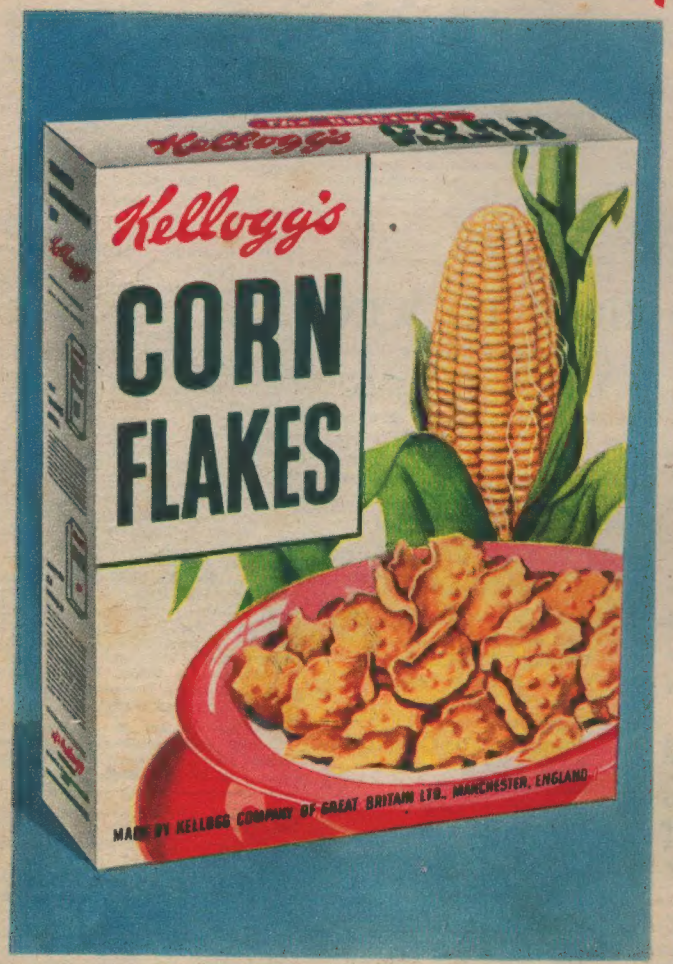
BETTER (AND *Brighter*) BREAKFASTS



KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES—the crisp, toasted ready-to-eat cereal already preferred by over half the families of Britain who eat breakfast foods regularly. A very pleasing design.

The Talking Cereal
Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES
OVEN POPPED RICE WITH SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVOURING
MADE BY KELLOGG COMPANY OF GREAT BRITAIN LTD., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

RICE KRISPIES, the famous *"snap! crackle! pop!"* toasted rice that children welcomed so wildly when it came back to the shops after the war, now dressed up to please the eye as well as the palate.

KELLOGG'S, "GREATEST NAME IN CEREALS," BRING OUT FOUR CHARMING NEW PACKS FOR SPRING-TIME

From dullness to gaiety, from mere utility to colour and pictures, has been the motto of the famous Kellogg Company in "dressing up" their top-favourite breakfast cereals.

This well-known range now gives the nation's breakfast tables a new spring-time cheerfulness.

New dresses for better days

ALL-BRAN, a tried and popular food with wonderful "keep-fit" properties that make it a stand-by, and a breakfast "must" with millions of homes, in its brighter dress.

BRAN FLAKES, a wonderful new Kellogg ready-to-eat cereal consisting of *whole* wheat maltily flavoured and crisped, and blended with valuable bran for a healthy diet, also appears in a new coloured pack.

"Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," said a famous essayist. And "appetite comes with the eating," is an old Irish proverb. Kellogg's, famous manufacturers of ready-to-eat cereals, have found that their products are almost universally served from the packet. So that, for Kellogg's, one important part of the appetizing *appearance* of their products is the packets themselves.

In re-designing their packets they feel they are making some contribution to the cheering-up of the breakfast tables of today.

Certainly the contents of each and every one of the Kellogg's packets are bound to produce both the good digestion that waits on appetite, and the appetite that comes with eating.

Now, the packets will reflect both. The accompanying illustrations demonstrate this very well.